

in various States, it is far superior, in all that education means, to it and any other existing system. But, after a residence of over two years in German cities, and after some study of their secondary schools, I am convinced that our best high-schools and academies, public and private, are equal to the best German schools. The question, however, whether a boy at a German school would be better taught in his languages and mathematics, his sciences and his history, is not here pertinent. Grant for the moment that he is better taught; is he, by his German training, better fitted as a man to meet the questions of American life, and to succeed in his calling in America? At the age when his mind is most plastic, when those impressions are received that are to abide by him longest, he is transplanted to a society whose salient features are in reality startlingly unlike those amid which he is to make his way in life. I shall not attempt to decide whether these traits and ideas are preferable to our own; it is enough that they are different. Certain it is, for instance, that a boy in Germany is made impractical; and that is a fatal quality in an American boy. He is filled with a love of research for its own sake, not for the sake of its bearing upon direct practical results. I should say that this is the chief quality which the boy is sure to get, and which will, in varying degrees, unfit him for the demands of his later work in any calling at home. He will be made impractical and speculative. The Germans are discoverers and recorders of facts, but they are poor at applying them. The boy also loses his sense of the value of time. Where all men, business and professional, move slowly, where it is the rule for the merchant, or the editor, to spend two hours at midday at his dinner and coffee, where "soon" means half a day, and "at once" an hour, the native boy does not suffer if he grows up in an atmosphere of deliberation. But this will not do in Broadway. Again, German boys are overworked. The American boy's school-life is easy compared with the steady drill of the gymnasium and real-school, and he must compete with students who not only seem proof against poor ventilation and poor food, but are used to hard labor and short vacations, and he must do it in a foreign tongue. All gymnasium students must do work during the short summer vacation, requiring not less than one hour, and not more than two hours, daily. The course of the gymnasium lasts nine years. During the first seven years, there are ten hours per week of recitation in Latin, and, throughout the last seven years, six hours per week of Greek. The number of hours of recitation per week can not ex-

ceed thirty-two, and it can not be less than twenty-seven. There are no Saturday holidays, so that the time spent in recitation at school averages five hours a day. The law permits but ten weeks of vacation in the year: four weeks beginning on the third Saturday in July, two weeks at Christmas, two at Easter, one at Whitsuntide, and one at the end of the summer semester. The morning session begins at eight o'clock, and lasts until twelve, when there is a recess of one hour. Lessons are then continued until six o'clock. This is the plan every day, save Saturday and Wednesday, when the afternoon session is omitted. Compared with the work of an American high-school, this is stupendous, and it must tend to endanger the health of pupils.

A symptom of overwork among German boys is short-sightedness and other diseases of the eye; this is so general that most travelers note it as a national characteristic. Not only do the majority of men who have studied wear glasses, but it is safe to say that a third of the school-boys wear them. This is said to be due to the intricacies of the German type; but poor ventilation, close application, and bad lighting cannot fail also to weaken the eyes, and the American boy escapes none of the primitiveness of German home and school life.

Another loss which our typical boy suffers is in his Americanism. I am not fully prepared to say that in many respects this loss is not a gain, if you consider the boy as a sort of ideal abstraction; but, as regards his patriotism, his working power as a force in the community where he is to live, and his success in life, it is an actual loss. Imperceptibly he comes to regard the peasant, the servant, the hand-worker, as an inferior being. The sight of women helping dogs draw carts, or sawing wood in the streets, soon fails to shock him. In the larger sense he ceases to be a democrat; the grown man resists the forces which inevitably stamp the school-boy. And in the narrower sense, touching manners, personal habits, and speech, the boy is more markedly affected, and in ways which at home may lay him open to the charge of snobbery or pedantry. Although the rules of the gymnasium forbid beer-drinking and smoking, and teachers are responsible for the observance of these rules, the very atmosphere of a German town is so redolent of beer and smoke that the boy acquires a laxness regarding these habits which makes him out of place, and puts him at a disadvantage, in a country where public opinion calls drinking a vice and where total abstinence is possible. He learns to shrug his shoulders in order to express the slightest doubt or inuendo, and he may easily learn to eat with his

ing. Not by the extreme of self denial on the one hand and indulgence on the other, but by a steady, firm putting of each gift and propensity in its proper place, exalting the intellectual above the material, and crowning all by the supremacy of the spirit which giveth the true life.

### MARRIAGES.

COULSTON—AMBLER.—At the residence of Isaac and Sallie A. Conrad, Fort Washington, Pa, Third month 27, 1890, under the care of Gwynedd Monthly Meeting, William C. Coulston and Kate C. Ambler.

GLISSON—WILLIAMS.—In West Chester, Pa., on the 25th of Third month, 1890, by Friends' ceremony, Amy Ida Williams, daughter of the late William and Amy H. Williams, of Willistown, Pa., and Ellwood Glisson, of Wallace, Chester county, Pa.

POSTLETHWAITE—STRATTAN.—In Altoona, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Friends' ceremony, on Third month 27th, 1890, Charlotte Lewis Strattan, daughter of George W. and M. Virginia Strattan, to Clarence E. Postlethwaite, of Altoona, Pa.

SHAW—JOHNSON.—In Richland, Bucks county, Pa., at the home of the parents of the brides, Third month 27, 1890, under the care of Richland Monthly Meeting, Morgan Shaw and Alice G. Johnson; and Maurice Shaw and Jane C. Johnson; the former sons of William and Hannah Shaw, and the latter daughters of Henry F. and Hannah Johnson.

TWINING—SHOEMAKER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Horsham, Pa., Third Month 11, 1890, under the care of Horsham Monthly Meeting, Russell B. Twining and Lottie L., daughter of James and Phebe Shoemaker.

WILLIAMS—NEWLIN.—At the bride's residence, Fourth-day, Third month 26, 1890, under the care of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green street, Philadelphia, Thomas T. Williams, of Oceanport, N. J., and Frances J. Newlin, of Philadelphia.

### DEATHS.

CARNCROSS.—Third month 25th, 1890, Ruthanna Leedom, widow of Jacob C. Carncross, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

CHANDLER.—Third month 25th, 1890, at the residence of his nephew, Dr. Weaver, Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Thomas Allen Chandler, in his 54th year. A member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

FELL.—In Philadelphia, Third month 28th, 1890, Harriet Williams, widow of Joseph Fell, and mother of Judge D. Newlin Fell. Interment at Buckingham, Pa.

HATTON.—Third month 25th, 1890, Alvertia V., wife of Edmund E. Hatton, aged 32 years, 7 months; formerly of Talbot county, Md.

HUGHES.—On Ninth month 12th, 1889, L. A. J. Hughes, departed this life. She was born on the 27th of Third month, 1828, near Lincoln, Loudoun county, Va. She was a daughter of Thomas and Emily H. Nichols. During the war she left Virginia for a home near West Liberty, Iowa. She afterwards lived with her son in Marshalltown, Iowa, until the marriage of her daughter, whom she accompanied to their new home at La Conner, Washington, on the Pacific Coast. Our dear sister was a member of the Society of Friends, and endeavored to live a true Christian life and was loved by all who knew her. She was twice married and was the mother of four children; two of whom are left to mourn her loss. She enjoyed good health pre-

vious to her first stroke of paralysis, which left her a cripple. She bore her afflictions cheerfully and patiently. Interment, Pleasant Ridge Cemetery, La Conner.

J. E. N. T.

MOORE.—At the residence of her son, J. Morris Moore, Radnor, Pa., Joanna, widow of Jehu Moore, in her 80th year. Interment at Darby ground.

OAKFORD.—Third month 26th, 1890, Rebecca S., daughter of the late Richard Oakford, a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia. Interment at Darby.

For Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.

### PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN FRANCE.—II.

VISITS TO PRIMARY SCHOOLS IN PARIS.

PARIS, Third Month 14, 1890.

In my last, on Primary Instruction in France, I promised to give in this letter an account of my visit to schools of the grade therein described. I first supplied myself with the necessary letters of introduction from the "Vice Recteur" of the "Academie de Paris," which is the name of that one of the seventeen divisions of the "Universite de France" which includes Paris and some adjoining departments.

One of these letters was especially directed to a "group of Primaries" situated near the centre of the city. Like most public and many private edifices in Paris, the buildings in which these schools are held are constructed in the form of a hollow square,—a large court-yard in the centre, with heavy doors under an archway opening upon the street. On ringing the bell, these doors, as usual, opened seemingly of themselves, being connected with a wire to the room of the "concierger" across the court-yard. In entering the yard the face of the "concierger" was seen at the little window in her door, it being her business to notice all who pass in and out. Calling at her door I received information where the office of the "directeur" was to be found, and to her I presented my letter from the vice recteur. She immediately put aside other duties, and gave me all of her time during my visit. I desired to begin with the lowest grade, and take the classes in their order, through the school. We first entered a room where about 40 little girls were seated at their diminutive desks, with one teacher seated before them. This was the "Maternal School," and the children varied from 2 to 6 years of age. As we entered the room, the teacher and all the children instantly rose, and remained standing as we passed through them to the front. Then, at a signal from the teacher, all made a graceful courtesy before taking their seats. The teacher then told them that I had come to see them from a country very far away,—that I had crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and had come from America. They seemed to have heard something of these names before, but the little creatures could not be supposed to be very familiar with geographical names so distant from home. The teacher reminded them that they had heard of *Americans*, and pointed to a chart upon the wall, representing the various races, where the typical native American was a swarthy Indian! The little ones looked curiously at the picture and at me, and seemed to be instituting a comparison; and as I

had but just recovered from the influenza, and was perhaps even a shade paler than usual, they looked puzzled indeed! But the teacher, without a word of explanation, *then* (her courtesy, doubtless, prevented her speaking of me personally in my presence); turned to other pictures, and went on with the naming of objects represented, conspicuous among which was the Eiffel Tower. I was reminded of our daughter's experience in a *pension* in Paris, some years since, where, when she spoke of being an American, her little companions said, "Why, how can that be; you are white!" In our self-importance this may strike us as very strange, but to the masses of European peoples America and Australia seem equally remote and inaccessible; and it must not be forgotten that a difference of language forms a wonderful barrier between nations.

We heard these children name many objects presented—saw their neat drawing and writing on their little tablets; witnessed the excellent order and control in the midst of apparent disorder, and the kind and truly motherly influence which the teacher constantly exerted upon them; and as we turned to leave the room all again rose and remained standing as we passed out. In all the rooms that we visited this same movement was observed, accompanied in the girls' schools by a graceful courtesy, and in the boys' schools by a military salute. I should say here that the sexes are always taught separately, from the time they enter, at the age of two, until they have completed the Secondary Instruction—or the College Course. In the courses in the University only, (post graduate), are the sexes together and even this is an innovation of later years.

We next visited a room of the Elementary Primary grade, this being a girls' school. We found here, as in all rooms that we visited, that the regular number for one teacher was 40. These children began their school education last Tenth Month, as very few of them had passed through the Maternal School, that being optional, and not patronized by the larger proportion of parents. The age here was from 5 upwards, as, although the obligatory age is from 6 to 13, children are admitted to the primaries at 5. They were reading little stories in words of one and two syllables, and even the youngest seemed to be talking instead of reading, it was so natural. They had surely made good progress in these few months. The teacher, as in all the rooms, was certainly no novice, trying experiments upon these young children, and learning how to practice her profession at their expense. The laws here require that none shall be employed who have not either college or pedagogical diplomas, or well attested certificates of aptitude, (grounded upon examinations, and not easily attained), for specific work. In other words, great pains are taken to make the occupation of teaching truly a *profession*.

We took next in order one of the rooms of the Intermediate Primary class. This happened to be a class in arithmetic, and the work was going on on the black-board by one student only, who explained as she went, while the rest were all attention and ready for criticism at every step. And although a les-

son in mathematics, it was made a lesson in language, by constant attention to the forms of expression used in the explanation. We were shown also the very neat and carefully written work which they had presented in their "*cahiers*"; most of it done at home. From here we went next to one of the rooms of the Superior Primary grade. This is a grade that was not at first included in the Primary schools, but has been added especially for those who wished to enter business upon concluding the Primary course, and is for children between the ages of 11 and 13. It is a part of the obligatory course, but children can be presented for an examination at the age of 11, and if they pass this, they are no longer required to attend the public schools. I found that a majority of these girls intended, when they had completed this course, to go on with their studies in the *Lycées*, of which I shall have occasion to speak in my next letter. They were being examined in history and geography when we entered the room. After the usual graceful reception, as in all other cases, they continued their regular work. The practice of not turning to other work when strangers enter the room cannot be too strongly commended. An outline of France was upon the black-board, and as the lesson progressed, the students would step to the board and fill in, in its proper place, the department, the city, the river, or the mountain that was mentioned, and here, as before, all were eagerly alive, ready to criticise and correct.

Having now taken one room of each of the grades of this girls' school, I was ready to make a corresponding visit to the boys'. To enter this I had to leave the court-yard as I entered it; and next door I found a corresponding entrance to the school for boys. On being shown the rooms of the "*Directeur*" I presented my letter, and he was at once ready to give me all the information and attention desired. In this case we began with the highest grade, the "*Superior Primary*," and visited one division of this engaged in manual training, which is required of all in the two upper grades. There were about 20 at work in the shop, and engaged in a similar manner to our classes in wood work at Swarthmore, and in other places where manual training is introduced. I found the other half of the section occupied with a lesson in Political Science, and the duties of citizens of a Republic (comparatively new to them), were being carefully explained. Here, as everywhere, the idea of thoroughness was the prevailing one, without undue haste to cover a certain amount of ground in a given time; and consequently there was no superficial work, that bane of many of our best schools in America. The "*Maitre*" was indeed a *master*, and was practicing a profession which he had *learned*. I should say here that in all of these schools the boys were taught by men, the girls by women. I learned that a large proportion of the boys in this most advanced department of the Primary instruction enter at once into business, instead of continuing their studies in the *Lycées*. Of course this is but natural; but how fortunate for the future welfare of this young Republic, that her laws now require all to complete, at least, the thorough courses offered in these schools.

We next visited a division of the class below called the "Intermediate Primary." Here again we witnessed a thorough drill in Arithmetic, the examples being in "Loss and Gain," and all the explanations required being of the most complete and thorough character. We saw another division of the same class going through an exercise in "Diction," which word, as here used, corresponds with our "Elocution." The speaking was very clear and distinct, the enunciation being truly remarkable.

On coming to the rooms of the elementary classes we found that all of these were in the court-yard, taking a recess, and I told the "Directeur" that I would see them there instead of in the class-room. So we were shown the yard where the lively games were going on, and they were making the best use of the twenty minutes allowed them. The yard was divided in the middle by a broad alley, and the larger boys were required to keep on one side of this, the smaller on the other, to prevent the very little ones from being injured in their sports. Besides these free exercises of lungs and limbs, there are required gymnastic exercises for all the classes of these schools, both for boys and girls. The absolute requirement of gymnastics for all is one of the many improvements introduced by the Third Republic. Two masters were in the yard with these boys; and in all the sports at these schools at least two teachers must be present. At the end of the twenty minutes a shrill whistle stopped all instantly in their play; and they at once fell into line, and filed off to their different rooms. The youngest in the yard was about five years old, there being no Maternal School for boys connected with this Primary.

The time set apart for my visit was over, and I took my leave of the kind and courteous "Directeur" who had shown me everything, and so fully answered all my questions. I invited him to visit us and see our classes at Swarthmore, should he ever cross the Atlantic. He seemed to think this about as likely as that he should one day visit the moon; and he said that if he got across the Channel to England it would be as much as he could hope to accomplish. The great frequency and facility with which Americans cross the ocean and enjoy foreign travel is a constant source of surprise to most European peoples, who spend their lives so much nearer home.

In my next I shall speak of the "Secondary Instruction," corresponding most nearly with our college courses in the United States.

EDWARD H. MAGILL.

The great differences in religious exercises grow out of the fact that there is a great difference between one being in religion and religion being within us. There are so many, too many, it seems to me who are simply in religion. They move in a religious atmosphere, and handle religious things, yet are at the mercy of their temperaments and the sport of circumstances. There are others whose spirits religion occupies and possesses: with such God is present both in the crowd and in the wilderness, and they have no need to seek for faith anywhere, for faith possesses them everywhere.—*J. G. Holland.*

For Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.

### SCIENCE: ITS STUDY AND TENDENCY.<sup>1</sup>

My attention has been called, by a mutual friend, to a very interesting article in a recent number of this Journal, entitled "Materialism in Modern Science." I agree with much that the writer says. It is there claimed, however, that the scientific spirit of the day is "essentially materialistic in its temper and its methods;" and, while there is no direct attack upon Science, even in this tendency toward materialism, there is contained, we venture to say, through the whole web and woof of the article, a partial distrust of Science and its results, a reluctance to embrace its logical conclusions, and a caution to the student to beware what he accepts from its accredited teachers and expounders.

Now the following remarks are not offered, in any sense, as a "reply," but merely as an endeavor, however meager, to deal, in the space allotted, with the questions:

1. Is the study of Science desirable?

2. Does the best and latest Science of the day tend to run into materialism?

What is Science? We find at hand an answer far better than any we can frame: "To see the absurdity of the prejudice against it, we need only remark that Science is simply a higher development of common knowledge; and that if Science is repudiated, all knowledge must be repudiated along with it. The extremest bigot will not suspect any harm in the observation that the sun rises earlier and sets later in the summer than in the winter; but will rather consider such an observation as a useful aid in fulfilling the duties of life. Well, Astronomy is an organized body of similar observations, made with greater nicety, extended to a larger number of objects, and so analyzed as to disclose the real arrangements of the heavens, and to dispel our false conceptions of them. That iron will rust in water, that wood will burn, that long-kept viands become putrid, the most timid sectarian will teach without alarm, as things useful to be known. But these are chemical truths; chemistry is a systemized collection of such facts, ascertained with precision. . . . And thus it is with all the sciences."

And what is the office of Science? From the simplest daily observations up to the most abstract and prolonged enquiries, the office of Science is the guidance of conduct. And Matthew Arnold says "Conduct is three-fourths of life." A knowledge of the uniformity of natural laws, and the inevitable penalties that follow a violation of those laws, is the main power which controls conduct, whether individual or social; and just as that knowledge is great or small, do we invariably find, in men and nations, on the one hand, enlightenment, sympathy, justice, and liberty; and on the other, cruelty, debasement, aggression, and savagery. So soon as man fully recognizes that certain consequents inevitably follow certain antecedents, he forms his conduct to avoid

[<sup>1</sup> The article here printed refers considerably to other points than those raised by "H. M. J." Some comment will be made upon it, and its concluding portion, after they have been printed.—Eds. INTELLIGENCER AND JOURNAL.]

ess, to whom I introduced myself and made known the object of my visit.

The terms upon which I was to be admitted into her family were soon settled, and all the preliminaries being agreed upon, I entered upon the subject that most interested me just then, and which proved to be a staple subject of conversation with the people of the surrounding country, namely, the "haunted mansion."

"Gretchen, my daughter," she said, "would tell me all about it when she came home, for she had told it so often that it was almost like a book."

This arrangement was by no means distasteful, especially if the said Gretchen was interesting and really told a story well.

So when she came in I was pleased to see that she was far prettier than my imagination had pictured her. Small of stature, a little too broad, perhaps, to coincide with the American style of beauty, with full wondering blue eyes, light brown hair—smooth, glossy, and luxuriant—her forehead was full, almost protruding. Yet, with all this wealth of beauty, there was something wanting to complete its perfection. It was perhaps a lack of refinement, grace, or elegance. It was the beauty of the wild flower, which one might say lacked something when contrasted with the carefully cultivated garden blossom. Education changes the destiny of many, while ignorance often chains down the brightest genius.

"Great Julius on the mountain bred,  
A flock, perhaps, or herd had led;  
He who the world subdued, had been  
But the best wrestler on the green."

Gretchen, at first, appeared reserved, and not inclined to talk much with a stranger, but in the course of the evening, with encouragement, she was prevailed upon to relate, in a surprisingly interesting and connected manner, the story of

#### "THE LA-GRANDES."

"The house which you see yonder was built more than seventy years ago. There is but one person around here who knows of it when being built, and that person is old Wilhelm, who assisted in its erection. A foreign architect had the supervision of it, and that is the reason it is so different from any other house in the neighborhood. Wilhelm could tell all about it once, but now he is nearly ninety years old, and he has forgotten almost everything, but I learned the story of him nearly ten years ago, and he told what he saw and knew, so it must be true.

There was a great mystery hanging about the proceedings from the very outset, and a vast amount of money expended on the house and surrounding grounds, as any one might suppose by looking at the ruins now.

It was a lady who built the house, and occupied it with her daughter, a most beautiful creature. The lady was an invalid, and had to be carried to and from the house by servants. They never mingled with any of the surrounding people, and except in matter of building, had no sort of dealings with any one. The name of the lady was La-Grande, and her daughter's name was Antoinette. They were foreigners, and from the name supposed to be French.

Why people like them, possessed of so much wealth, should have chosen such a secluded retreat, puzzled the minds of all the country around, and when Mrs. La-Grande and her daughter rode out, all eyes were riveted upon them, so that very soon they became people whom everybody knew, and who knew nobody.

They had not lived there long before the strange seclusiveness of the whole family created a flutter among the suspicious, and strange stories were in circulation about singular sights and sounds that were seen and heard about the place. Lights were seen flitting on the grounds at midnight, and dreadful groans were heard in the house. Incredible persons said it was only the moaning of the wind, and that the strange lights were nothing but fire-flies, of which there were great numbers lodged among the trees; but as always happens, as time wore on, the stories waxed more and more wonderful, until it assumed the nature of a legend. It was at length asserted that the house was at first a mere shanty, and Mrs. La-Grande was a miserable old hag, and the superb Antoinette but an awkward, uncouth, ignorant girl; that the grounds were almost barren, and that they lived in misery and squalid want. At last, weary of living in such wretchedness, the old woman left the daughter at home while she strolled away along the margin of the lake, with the determination, so the story goes, of putting an end to her troubles by throwing

herself into the water, for she said, "Perchance if I am out of the way, Antoinette will find a husband who will take care of her. I have asked the Lord to help me and he has turned to me a deaf ear, and now I will summon the devil to my aid." Filled with these gloomy reflections she strolled along looking into the water, when suddenly she saw a shadowy-looking being coming toward her leaning upon a staff.

A strange sensation of fear came over her, and she turned to evade it, but it stepped before her and said, "Do not tremble, for I have come to help you. I know what great struggles you have had with poverty, which is the greatest of earthly evils. There is nothing plainer than that the sweets of life are unequally and unjustly distributed. No wonder you wish to end a life which gives no joy. Better is a few years of ease and the enjoyment of luxuries than long life full of want, anxiety, and privation. And now," he said, "look into this glass which I place before you; what do you see?"

"An elegant house, a palace, surrounded by grounds full of trees, and the choicest flowers. How beautiful! Now a beautiful lady is coming toward me. It is Antoinette! She looks like a queen; yet she smiles and calls me mother; me, such a poor, wretched old woman. Oh! what does it mean? I am faint and dizzy. I must go home while there is strength, and there we will curse God and lie down and die."

"Stay, lady; all that you have seen shall be yours; all that the world can give you shall enjoy, if after five years you become mine. Make a compact with me. Now or never!"

"Let it be so then. Five years of happiness is surely better than no joy."

No sooner had she finished speaking than a carriage, drawn by two prancing steeds, came along, and the coachman alighting, assisted the poor woman into the carriage. She looked for her adviser, but he had vanished. At length the carriage turned into a lane, and where was once her poor little hut, beautiful trees and shrubbery shaded the smooth gravel walks, and they came to an elegant mansion. Servants came to the door and ushered her in. She entered the parlor and Antoinette came to meet her.

Then, and not till then, did Mrs. La-Grande call to mind the means by which all this great change had been brought about; but she said nothing to Antoinette, for it would make the child sad to know that their joys were to terminate in five short years. She would lock that as a secret in her own bosom. She had made the compact, and perhaps it would not be binding upon Antoinette. It was too late to retract now.

Mirth and revelry were heard in the halls of the magic mansion. Every device that could make life enjoyable was sought out.

Toward the close of the fourth year a strange young man made his appearance in the place, and inquired for the residence of Mrs. La-Grande. Like her he was evidently a foreigner, and withal, he had the demeanor of a courtier or nobleman. Wondering eyes followed him as he wended his way toward the enchanted grounds. Days, weeks, and months passed by, and the young man seemed spell-bound and completely entangled in the meshes of sorcery. He rode with Antoinette, he passed the moonlight evenings sailing on the lake with her, and always was to be seen by her side, so complete seemed the fascination.

Nearly a year thus passed away, when it was observed that Mrs. La-Grande became abstracted and melancholy. It was the fourth day of June, exactly five years from the day when she made the mysterious contract, and Antoinette was to be married that day to the unknown guest. She was very gay and had an exquisite toilette. She had beautiful orange blossoms around her shapely head, and a flowing veil fell in gauzy folds from her forehead. Her beauty was perfectly dazzling.

Arrangements were made for the bridal party to cross the water in a pleasure boat, proceed to a chapel in the town, and after the marriage service, return home, where a rich banquet would be prepared for them. The party went in a carriage to the water's edge, and saw the boat coming gaily toward the shore. Antoinette was light and joyous, but the mother was sad and dejected. The light-hearted couple attributed her melancholy to a natural feeling which all mothers have when about to give a child into the keeping of another, and Antoinette tried to cheer her. "Mother," she said, "you are not going to lose your daughter, only gaining a son."

Written expressly for the Visitor.

## SIDE BY SIDE; OR, ALMOST AN HEIR.

BY D. C. ADDISON.

### CHAPTER I.

On the borders of little Lake Pleasant, in the State of New York, stands, or did stand not many years ago, an old ruin. Time and neglect were its only destroyers, for no reckless marauders ever invaded its precincts; the creeping ivy twined lovingly over its walls, and green moss fed upon its turrets. The swallows found here a quiet home, and the lonely owl flitted at pleasure undisturbed through its deserted corridors. Flowers grew all around in rich luxuriance, wild and undisturbed, untrammelled by the hand of the pruner, and as if tired of his control, they appeared to bid defiance to all of man's artificial rules of beauty and elegance. Full fifty years had this house remained untenanted, and the grounds surrounding it been thus uncared for and suffered to run to waste. It was so unlike any other building in the vicinity that the attention of even a careless observer must have been instantly drawn to it. There was a style of architecture about it perfectly at variance with the ordinary farm houses by which it was surrounded. The grounds had been laid out by some one of exquisite taste; here and there were little grottos and glens, statues now crumbling to pieces, and the miniature lakes once sparkling and clear, now became pools of stagnant water.

I was an artist; too poor to travel through Italy or Germany to study with the masters, or to copy from the great master, nature, among the beauties of Switzerland. But why should I? Is there not grandeur and majestic beauty in our own land? It must be a mistake to wander away when such rich glories are spread out before us on every hand. The lofty hills and mountains, the pleasant vales and swelling rivers, the placid lakes which mirror the varied foliage of our own America, afford an inexhaustible field for student and tourist.

Impressed with these views I had commenced travel from place to place, taking sketches of such scenes as were rare and choice in their character. Thus it happened that I became a pilgrim among the little lakes of Central New York. I had collected many valuable sketches when I came upon this little sequestered nook containing the ruin just described.

What a glorious subject for my pencil, I soliloquized as I rode along; won't I revel in that old ruin, and dispute its occupancy with the ghosts, witches, and owls. Up there in that cupola I will take my observations, and one of those old haunted rooms I will make my studio.

Not far distant from the ruin I came upon a little farm house, the appearance of which attracted my attention. Vines were creeping over the porch, and great varieties of flowers bloomed in the garden. I tied my horse at the gate, and proceeding up the lane to the house, knocked at the door. It was opened by my host-

But the mother made no reply, only looking abstractedly at her watch, muttered "almost four o'clock, and the clouds are gathering thick and fast."

"No, mother, there will be no storm, only a few clouds, and the boat is already here," and lightly they stepped in, she and her lover, and instantly the boat darted from the shore.

Mrs. La-Grande was left alone, gloomily pacing back and forth on the shore, wringing her hands in agony, for her hour had come.

"Mother, why did you not come with us?" and Antoinette reached her arms out toward her mother imploringly. Then she bade to return again to the shore for her mother, but her voice was scarcely heard, for a sudden storm had arisen; the sky was overhung with thick black clouds, and as in her fear and anguish she extended her arms, she fell into the water and was quickly engulfed.

The mother, in agony, called to her child, but the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, and she was tossed to and fro by the storm, and finally disappeared from view.

It is said to this day that any one who should stand beside the water on the fourth of June, and at the same hour, can distinctly hear, above the roar of the water, the voice of a woman in agony, crying, "Antoinette!"

The young man was rescued by some fishermen, and after many efforts he was resuscitated, but his mind and spirits were shattered. He wandered day after day along the beach, and often said to passers-by that he longed to go down into the waters, for was not his Antoinette there. It is said that at one time as he wandered aimlessly along brooding over his loss, the same shadowy form stood beside him that five years before stood by Mrs. La-Grande, and said, "Young man your wish shall be granted, only tell to me what you most desire, if after the end of two months you will be mine, wholly mine."

"I will," said the young man, "only let me clasp Antoinette to my heart as my bride for even two short months, for what is life without her?" True, he had read, "*Thou shalt have none other God but me*," but the shadowy being told him that God was unjust to take Antoinette from him.

No sooner had he thus promised than he heard the sweetest singing beneath the waves, and as he listened, enraptured, he began to sink down, down into the water, and as he sank he could see green fields, trees, flowers, and a magnificent castle. As he neared it a mermaid came and ushered him into a room where was music and dancing.

He stood entranced in the midst of such bewildering beauty. Soon the dancing came to a close, the music ceased, and there was silence.

An interval of silence and he heard a voice of marvelous sweetness. It came nearer, and at the close of the song, a door opened, and behold standing before him, all decked in bridal costume, with snowy veil and wreath of flowers, was his lost Antoinette. Beautiful maidens gathered round, and in the gorgeous sea castle the marriage ceremony was performed. Then he clasped her to his bosom and said, "Let us go from this watery abode back to the home where we once dwelt and belong." Then they came to the surface and their little skiff was in waiting, which conveyed them to the shore.

Hours and days sped by like a fairy tale. Nothing interrupted their pleasure or marred their joys.

At length, however, the appointed time arrived when their bliss should terminate, and one day Antoinette came out of her apartment and stood before her husband. The color had left her cheek, her eyes had a wild and vacant stare, and her whole appearance was ghastly and livid, like a corpse awakened from the deep. She was dressed in bridal garments, and on her head was a wreath of sea weeds. "Come," she said, "Adolph, the skiff is waiting and we must go."

Adolph trembled; he gasped for breath, and for the first time tried to avoid her, but by some hidden power she held him spell-bound, and drew him after her.

Away they went, almost flew, till they reached the border of the lake, where they were met by the mysterious being in black, who, with a wave of his hand, brought the skiff to the shore.

Adolph and Antoinette stood mute and motionless, clasped in each other's arms. With another motion of the hand the little man caused them to be seated in the skiff. The oarsmen plied their oars, when away they went, smoothly at first, but very soon the clouds began

to gather, the winds arose with all their fury, and tossed the frail boat from side to side, the thunder roared and lightning flashed. The shrieks of Antoinette and the groans of Adolph were drowned by the noise of the elements. The waves dashed over them, and in a few short moments the bride and bridegroom were completely submerged in the waters."

So ended the legend of the deserted house. It was growing late, so I thanked the narrator, and under pretext of fatigue, retired to the apartment allotted to me, not to sleep, however, till I had transmitted to paper the story, as nearly as possible, word for word as it was related.

The story, it will be observed, is not expressed in language inelegant, or in any sense common or vulgar. I could not conceive how this Gretchen, the simple country girl, without advantages of education, had acquired such command of language, or such ease of diction.

As I watched the expression of her face during the narration, all the appearance of the common rustic vanished. There was a sparkle in her eye that bespoke, *aye*, what? Genius? I laughed as I said to myself, "Perhaps you are in love with this little country lass, perhaps some enchantment is thrown around it, and this little Gretchen, living so near the haunted mansion, has formed some compact with that mysterious being in black, and will lead you

"To your own destruction, sure."

The story, no doubt, was a mixture of some Indian legend, with a relic of the New England belief in witchcraft, together with a faith in ghosts and goblins which has always had a hold upon the minds of the superstitious since the world began, and always will have until the same ends.

The belief in witchcraft, it is true, had sprung up in New England, and in its birthplace it had died, but such is the natural love of the marvelous, that witches lived in story for years after they were executed, and these settlements of Western New York, peopled mostly by New England, a few Dutch from the southern section of New York, and a few French, brought with them their legends with which to beguile the winter evenings.

Every place has its haunted house, and it was perfectly natural that this great gloomy mansion should be chosen for the one where ghosts should revel, because the real tenants had deserted it, and given it up to their occupancy.

[To be Continued.]

boxes, old-time table service, and kettles and ammunition belts draw the visitor's eye, and set him to thinking on the "good old times."

Last, but not least, the State fisheries have a fine exhibit, showing all the paraphernalia of a fishing smack and crew.

Skipping across New York (which seems to have been holding back until the other exhibits were arranged) and Ohio, of which we have written in previous letters, the Hoosier pavilion of awning cloth, inside which carpet and easy chairs make everything cosy, attracts our glance. The grain display, which seems to be the only thing in the nature of a State exhibit, is neatly and systematically arranged. About everything else appears to be the contribution of business firms. The space taken by the Encaustic Tile Company of Indianapolis is so arranged as to show off their work to the best advantage, and a unique feature is a toy house roofed and nailed with specimens of lightning rod of different patterns. Models of plows and other agricultural implements come from South Bend.

It is to be hoped that the memorial addressed to the Illinois legislature, asking for a contribution toward the State exhibit, will meet with the attention it merits; for the commissioners are much hampered by lack of funds, and have been obliged to depend on private assistance. The State has not even a pavilion. The corn exhibit here is particularly full, and the Illinois Central has sent a fine display of native woods. A pyramid of coal contrasts prettily with one of salt near by, and a large exhibit of seeds is sent by a prominent Chicago firm. A pretty thing here is a child's cradle made entirely of artificial flowers on wire, furnished by a millinery house in Chicago.

The Ottawa High School sends its cabinet of Indian and mound-builders' relics, the Aurora public schools are represented by drawings, etc., and Champaign Industrial University comes nobly to the front with fine specimens of the work of its students, and curiosities from the college cabinets.

M. W. P.

NEW ORLEANS, First mo. 16th, 1885.

#### STUDYING IN GERMANY.

The tangible influence of Continental Europe, and especially of Germany, upon our thought and life, our education, habits, and morals, is perhaps greater than we are wont to grant or appreciate. This is in part due to the annual transfer of large sections of the German population to our shores and their absorption into our social system; but it is owing still more to the migration of Americans to Germany, where they come in contact with

institutions that seem usually to impress them favorably. We often find ourselves speaking, with some chagrin at our own achievement, of German schools, of German purity in municipal government, of German stability and efficiency in the civil service, and of the self-respecting modesty of German boys and girls. Besides the hosts of tourists who jostle each other on the beaten courses of travel between the Rhine and Vienna, there is a steadily growing class of Americans who visit Germany to spend from one to five years in study. The American students at the great German universities now outnumber those from any non-German nation of Europe; and their number is greater than that of all other non-continental states together. We may divide the American students in Germany into two classes: 1. Boys and girls sent or accompanied thither to get their preliminary education, and ranging in age from twelve to twenty years. These should be subdivided into—first, special students of music; and, second, students of such branches as are taught in our high-schools. 2. Young men, usually graduates of college, who wish to push their studies in special departments. Among the latter are often men who have already practiced their professions. The second class chiefly contains students of philology, medicine, and physics or chemistry. In any case this residence of several years in a foreign country acts profoundly upon the character of the student, and in ways quite outside of his book-knowledge.

First, let us consider those who go to prepare for college, or for a profession, or it may be, in the technical language of society, to "finish;" to study with private tutors, or in the gymnasium, or the *Realschule* (real-school). Though many of these students are girls, and many of the objections given also hold good in their case, we shall confine ourselves to boys. Of course, no careful parent would permit his daughter to reside in a foreign country, save under judicious chaperonage; no young girl should be personally subjected to the trials of making her own way among the officials and the managers of *pensions* in a German city. Some parents place their sons in Leipsic or Berlin, because they have observed that it is the thing to do; others, because they honestly think their children will profit by it—that is, more than they would at school, during the same time, at home. The fame of German schools and teachers may justify the latter view. In scope, purpose, and magnanimity, no schools surpass the German gymnasia and real-schools; and if we take the system throughout the nation and set it beside our school system as a whole, as applied in town and country and

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 5.

Bonn on the Rhine, 7th month 29, 1866.

We arrived at this place late last evening, from Cologne, (or Coln, as it is spelled here,) and find ourselves this morning in an imposing looking hotel called the "Chateau du Rhine," strange and foreign enough in its internal arrangements and customs, but situated close on the banks of this lovely river; and as our chambers are on the right side of the house, and furnished with famously large windows, we have been revelling in the glorious prospect they command. Our eyes rest upon a long vista of mountain and river scenery, most charming to behold, but quite impossible to describe. Our own Hudson comes nearer to it than anything I know of, only that here every hill is heaped up full of romance and classic interest; and, besides, various other remains of the strength and glory of the past. "The Castled Craig of Drachenfels," "frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine," promising us from a distance much enjoyment in a nearer and more perfect view to-morrow.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than between our surroundings now and those of a week ago; and we now fully realize that we are in a foreign land, and among a strange—a *very* strange—people. The hurly burly and confusion of tongues at the railroad depot is especially bewildering, as connected with the different currencies of the countries through which we pass. We have now on hand £. s. d., Francs, and Centimes, and Sous, Thalers, and Silber groschens. I hope there will be no further change for a while. I suppose, after we reach Switzerland, we shall return again to the French coinage, which will seem quite home-like, as will also their manners and customs, after the outlandishness and incomprehensibility of Deutschland.

We were forcibly struck upon crossing the channel and travelling in France with the great difference in the state of vegetation in the two countries, for while we observed, just before reaching Dover, that the grain fields had scarcely changed color, as soon as we left Calais it seemed as though we might have advanced a month; and in the neighborhood of Brussels harvest was at its height, presenting a most animating and beautiful spectacle, for the whole country through which the railroad passes is one vast extended and perfectly level plain, with not a fence to be seen for miles; and as wheat and oats appear to be the staple products, the whole country was like one vast harvest field. The different farms are defined by rows of trees closely planted and trimmed to the bare trunk up to the height of twenty or thirty feet, when they are allowed to branch out a little, but still regularly pruned. After the lovely landscape gardening of England, this was certainly rather monotonous, but pleased us, because it was so *very* different from what we had been surrounded by so long.

Our ride from Brussels to Cologne was extremely novel and pleasant, and the transition from Belgian France to Deutschland seemed, as we were whirled along in the cars, very sudden; and it was very amusing to note the changes in manners, and appearance, and language, as we proceeded. In a few hours we were transported from "La Belle France," with all her brightness, and joyousness, and beauty, into the very midst of sober, plodding Germany, and soon found ourselves at the Ernst Hotel. Next morning we visited the Cathedral, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1248, by Archbishop Conrad, of Hochstadt, and were shown through it by several officials, who pointed out to us the magnificent decorations of this wonderful structure, and the numerous relics of value which it contains; and it was truly a remarkable exhibition. The Cathedral probably never will be completed, though they are professedly still at work at it. The princi-



al tower has not reached one-third of its projected height. The interior is very splendid, the roof of the nave being 100 feet high, the length 500 feet, and the intended height the same. On the top of the unfinished tower is the crane, used there, 600 years ago, for raising the stone for the building. This was removed some years since, but a terrific thunder storm ensuing, the populace received it as a judgment, and in their alarm the huge thing was restored to its position. It does not add to the beauty of the tower, but presents a very novel appearance. We ascended to the top, where we had a fine view of the city and surrounding country, and of the exterior of the church, being taken round along several very narrow passages and galleries, and in among the huge masses of ornamental carving on the outside, in a way that could not fail to rub in the impression of the grandeur and magnificence of the structure, even in its present unfinished condition. Behind the High Altar is a room where we were shown a shrine containing the skulls of the three wise men of the East, who came to offer their gifts to the infant Jesus. It is a large casket, probably five feet long and four wide, composed entirely of silver and gold, and ornamented with 1401 precious stones—among which is a topaz, as large as a goose egg, and many others of great value—the whole estimated at 240,000 pounds sterling. Through a golden grating are seen the skulls, each encircled with a diamond crown, as if in mockery of death, and the name of each underneath in sparkling rubies. Altogether it is very gorgeous, and I should think a pretty fair specimen of Catholic devotion to their sacred relics. There are numerous other churches in **Cologne**. The Church is St. Ursula is probably as great a curiosity in its time as we shall soon see again. St. Ursula was a "noble maiden of Brittany," who, a great many hundred years ago, in returning from a pious pilgrimage to Jerusalem, was, with all her train, (11,000 virgins,) cruelly massacred, on this very spot; and in commemoration of the event, this church was erected, and therein are contained all the bones of the "holy saint" and her maidens. One room is lined throughout with skulls, enclosed in costly cases. In addition to the contents of this room, the walls of the main body of the church are entirely lined with the bones of the 11,000, which are exposed to view through iron gratings. We were also shown several huge cases, apparently made of solid masonry, said to be filled with them. A ghastly charnal house indeed it seemed, notwithstanding all the gold and jewels that were mixed up with these remains to dazzle the eyes of the credulous and ignorant multitude.

We had been told that **Cologne** was famous for its dirt, but, from our own observation, we

think the place has been slandered, as it certainly does not equal, in this respect, some of the Scottish towns we have visited. At one of the stations we saw a woman manufacturing lace, and we were interested in watching her handiwork. She told us she had learned when but six years old, and had been practising ever since. Making a small collar took her ten days, and she would sell it to a passer by for less than a dollar.

At Cologne we received our first introduction to some of the German customs; for instance, when we seated ourselves at the breakfast table, where were only one other lady and gentleman, the gentleman was smoking and the lady sitting by, and eating her breakfast with perfect composure; and at dinner, immediately as the meal was concluded, candles were placed at intervals along the table, and the cigars were soon puffing away in fine style.

(To be continued.)

## A SUMMER IN THE TYROL.

THE Tyrol is—or was, when we knew it—one of the most primitive countries in Europe. Entirely Catholic, it comes up to the ideal of the faith of the middle ages far better than even the most historic cities of Italy, that by-gone cradle of our faith. It is not sufficiently overrun with tourists to be corrupted by them, and their stay in any of its towns is seldom long. Before the Brenner Railroad was opened, it was almost, practically speaking, as secluded a spot as the interior of China.

Twenty years ago, hardly any language but a *patois* of German was understood by the Tyrolese, and when a couple of English explorers made a tour among the mountains, journeying on foot nearly the whole of the way, they were amused one night by finding their old English valet seated in the kitchen of a very unpretending *Gasthaus*, with his bare feet stamping on the floor within a cabalistic-looking circle drawn in white chalk. The old man had been frantically but vainly endeavoring to make the natives understand his master's need of—a foot-bath! One of the travellers was luckily able to come to his assistance in good Hanoverian German, which itself, however, was only just barely comprehensible to the simple mountaineers.

Although we have no personal reminiscences of that style of traveling which skims over half a continent in a two months' tour, yet the local knowledge we acquired by a four months' residence in one town of the Tyrol will perhaps not be entirely uninteresting. Innsbruck, al-

though the capital of the province, is nothing more than a large village with two or three roomy and tidy but very old-fashioned inns, and a church or two not remarkable for either beauty or antiquity. Besides the inns, which were too much embedded among streets and houses to be suitable to our taste, there were, outside the town, a few cheap "places of entertainment," where lodging could be had for next to nothing, and where unlimited quiet might be enjoyed. One was a "Schloss," anciently some baronial or monastic dependency, very picturesque and inaccessible, and on the inside very susceptible of English home comfort, but for an invalid this could not be thought of. The road that led to it was enough to jolt any springs to pieces, and once a carriage had safely got up, it seemed impossible that it should ever get down again. So this had to be given up despite the romantic name and position of the "Schloss." Lower down, and on the turnpike road, just beyond the bridge over the Inn (which gives the town its name), was another house, partly a *châlet*, comfortable enough and very quiet. It was delightfully primitive. A wide wooden staircase led right up from the entrance door on the left hand, and never, on the darkest night, was there by any chance a light to guide you over it. The first floor consisted of a wide passage with rooms on each side, like a monastery, and a large *Saal*, or public room, with a clean boarded floor and a billiard table. Beyond this were three or four other rooms. Our

party took the whole floor, including the *Saal*, which during our stay was to be a private room. Sufficient furniture was brought in to make one corner of it look civilized, and it served for drawing, dining, and billiard room alike. Nothing cooler nor more rustic could have been imagined, and, to add to the pleasantness of this retreat, the windows opened on a balcony, just like those on the toy Swiss *châlets* we have so often seen. There was a chapel in the house, and the proprietor claimed that he had a right to have Mass said there every Sunday. However problematical this sounded, Mass *was* said notwithstanding, but under a legitimate permission obtained for our own party. There in the little dark closetlike room, with a congregation of servants and stray guests or laborers out in the corridor beyond, Mass was offered every Sunday and very often on week-days. Sometimes the Jesuits from the town would officiate, sometimes the parish priest of the little church half a mile further up the country. The Jesuit church, standing on the edge of the town, among great lindens and elm-trees, was a large, tawdry renaissance building, where brick and stucco did duty for the marbles of Italy, and artificial flowers and gilded finery reigned supreme. There was not one feature worth noticing about the whole church, and even the Madonna shrine was but a sad burlesque on the wonderful idea it symbolized. But, on the other hand, the priests worked hard and earnestly, services were frequent and well attended, the confessionals crowded, and the communions numerous. There were real sympathy and sound counsel to be had there; strength to be gathered from the exhortations given in secret, and instruction in all necessary religious knowledge to be

reaped from the plain and practical sermons delivered in public. The devotion of the Tyrolese is as simple as it is deep; it has no need of exalting externals to draw it to God, it is so full of vitality and manliness that it does not ask for the æsthetic helps whose absence often makes such a void in our own devotion, and we cannot choose but admire it, though it is vain for our weaker if more cultured Christianity to endeavor to imitate it.

The parish church outside the town to which we have referred was much smaller and poorer than that of the Jesuits, but a great feeling of peace came over you as you entered it, and as, pacing to and fro under its low, simple roof, you thought of the many holy and acceptable peasant lives that had been lived under its shadow, and ended joyfully within its churchyard. It stood on a small but abrupt hill, which, from the singular flatness of the vale of Innsbruck, looked higher than it was. Iron crosses with rude metal rays or crowns attached to them replaced in this Tyrolese cemetery the broad gravestones to which our northern eye is so well accustomed, and so it is throughout all Germany and Switzerland. About a mile further than this church stood a little private chapel, near a deserted villa, or, as the French would call it, a *château*. This chapel was always open, and was our invariable resting-place every day during a long stroll into the country. A high gate of rusty and intricate iron-work divided the main chapel from the lower and narrower part accessible to the public at all times, and remains of gilding and heraldic colors denoted the connection, in the past at least if not in the present, of this little oratory with some old family of high standing. Here and there a group of cottages

that hardly made a hamlet was dotted on the green landscape, and the only sound to be heard was the tinkling of the great square cow-bells, or the peculiar *jödel* of the mountaineer, a cry now made familiar to the outside world by "Tyrolese minstrels" (or their spurious personifiers). The Tyrol is famous for its wild flowers, as are all Alpine tracts, the gentian and the wild rhododendron\* predominating. All kinds of summer meadow flowers grow well in the green pasture lands near Innsbruck, and the forget-me-not lines the frequent brooks with thick fringes of blossom.†

Water-mills are very often found on the line of these mountain brooks, and as only the old-fashioned appliances are known, the places where they are built are fortunately not disfigured by business-looking arrangements or alarmingly active squads of men. One of these picturesque mills we well remember, standing over a beautiful, foaming brook, and surrounded by hay-fields. It was a very silent, lonely walk, and used to be almost a daily one with us, until the old farmer to whom the mill and hay-field belonged once waylaid us at the door of his cottage and began expostulating in no very choice language, and ordering us not to trample his hay any longer unless we liked to pay him for the damage. The old fellow was very small and wizened, and whether the garment he had on was a smock-frock or a night-shirt it was difficult to determine, though the certainty of his unmistakable nightcap was apparent.

Of course, like all thoroughly Catholic countries the Tyrol is full of

wayside shrines, with rude daubs reminding the passer-by of some religious event or point of Christian doctrine. Besides these, however one thing cannot fail to strike a stranger as he walks through the lands round Innsbruck. On every house or building that is not an absolute "shanty" appears in the flaming colors sacred to the chromos of the cheap press the figure of a young Roman soldier pouring water out of a common jug on a most terrific and disproportionate conflagration. This is meant to represent St. Florian, a saint much honored in the Tyrol, and to whom tradition attributes a particular sovereignty over fire. The buildings, both farm and dwelling-houses, that abound most in that part of the country, are of wood, and very liable to the kind of destruction over which St. Florian has power. Hence his image is painted on the outer wall by way of a preservative, a kind of "insurance," that may make stockholders smile, but that will bring in more of those riches garnered up where "the rust doth not eat, nor the moth consume," than their long-headed thriftiness will ever be able to gather.

Pilgrimages, among a people so devout as the Tyrolese, are numberless. Every village has its chapel where of old miracles were wrought or some proof of divine favor was manifested. Five or six miles from Innsbruck is one of these hamlets, called Absam, where the shrine is of a somewhat peculiar nature. Among the several visits we paid to it was one on the day of the Assumption. The road leads through fields of flax, one of the crops most cultivated in the Tyrol. Its tiny blue flowers were thickly spread over the fields, and August seemed thus to have put on a fitting livery with which to greet the blue-mantled

\* Falsely called *rose des Alpes* by the French.  
† The real "Alpenrose" of the Tyrolese is a strange-looking growth, a starry flower of a dull white, with thick velvety petals, five in number. It grows only in very inaccessible places, and is considered a great prize.

Queen whose triumph is commemorated on the 15th of that month. The village church at Absam is small and otherwise uninteresting. The altar, over which hangs the miraculous image, is covered with ornamental ex-votos, while larger votive offerings, curious little commemorative pictures, and plain tablets adorn the walls for a long space beyond. The image itself is on glass, a common thick pane, of very small dimensions, with the veiled head of the Virgin scratched in dark outline upon it. Tears are coursing down her cheeks, and the expression is wonderfully strong and sweet. It is strange that these few rude lines should be able to speak so energetic and unmistakable a language, but then we must remember the legend which calls this image the work of an angel. It was suddenly found in the church one morning, four or five centuries ago, and was immediately transferred from the window to a private chamber. A great deal of religious litigation and examination had to be gone through before it was allowed to be placed in a shrine and publicly venerated. Since then cures have been yearly obtained in this church, which has become famous through the Tyrol. We do not remember another instance of a miraculous image being graven on glass. It has none of the attributes of stained glass, neither in color nor in style, and is all of one piece. It is now framed in a showy gilt frame with a royal cross-surmounted crown ornamenting the top. Both pictures and prints of it are to be procured in the village, and also representations on glass, two or three inches square, but whose likeness to the original are perhaps not entirely reliable.

This was not the only shrine we visited while at Innsbruck. The pilgrimage of Waldrast included a

picturesque journey half-way up the Brenner pass, and through some very wild and beautiful Alpine scenery among the lesser peaks. We slept at a little inn at the foot of Waldrast, so as to be able to make the most of the early morning. The day was beautiful; it was in the beginning of September, and just that season when, in Europe, summer and autumn seem to make but one. A thin mist hung over the mountain tops, the path was rugged and winding, and there were frequent brooks and fences to jump over or climb. Heather grew in purple masses under foot, and the growth of trees varied from oak to chestnut, till it left the higher and more barren ground to the pines alone. After two or three hours' good walking, we reached the chapel, which is only one level lower than the uncovered mountain top. It had grown quite chilly despite the sun which was advancing on his way. We were just in time to hear Mass, if we remember right, and had but little time to spare for refreshment. There is a *Gasthaus* opposite the church, a little solitary, whitewashed, low-roofed cottage, very clean and comfortable. It is pretty full all the summer, but entirely deserted, even by its keeper, during the winter. We asked to see the priest. He turned out to be a Servite, and told us that the church belonged to his order. There was next to it a bare-looking house with one (and the larger) portion in ruins, a gaunt shell with no roof and full of *débris* inside. It had been a monastery, but circumstances, chiefly of a persecuting nature, had obliged the monks to abandon the place. One of their community, however, was always there, to attend to the shrine and receive the still numerous pilgrims; he himself had never left the place for ten years, and, saving the

visitors to the shrine, never saw a human being. During six months out of twelve he could safely say he was a hermit. We asked him how he spent his time. "I have a small library," he answered, "and read a great deal, but when I have more time than I can fill by reading, or my office, or even the work of the church, I turn carpenter."

And he took us into a workshop, littered over with shavings and sawdust, where among planks and rough logs of wood were various useful things of his own making. We particularly noticed a little wooden sleigh, and asked him its use.

"I use it in the winter," he said, "to take me down to the village, to buy necessities every week; and, when there is plenty of snow to cover the inequalities of the path, it works very well. Coming back, however, I have to load my purchases on it, and drag it up after me. It is good exercise," he added, with a good-humored laugh, "and keeps me warm."

He led us into the church, and told us the story of the apparition. This image was not so old as that of Absam, although it could boast of three centuries' antiquity at least. It had been found by a woodman while chopping a tree on the mountain very near the spot where the church now stands. The figure suddenly appeared, surrounded by a marvellous light, in the cleft made by his axe in the wood. Years of suspense followed, during which authentications of this wonderful occurrence were severely tested, the devotion of the villagers preceding, however, the permission of the church to venerate the image as miraculous. During this time it was housed in the hamlet at the foot of the mountain, where crowds flocked to visit it. When it

was removed to the Servite church and monastery, built expressly for its reception, on the spot where it had first appeared, its translation was a cause of grief as well as joy, those who had guarded it till then loudly lamenting their loss. The monastery, we believe, was reduced to its present condition through the decrees against monastic orders issued during the unhappy reign of the infidel Emperor Joseph. The church was never, however, without its chaplain. It is a plain, whitewashed building, with a flat frontage, irregularly pierced with a great many windows, while to the back rises one of those extraordinary steeples so often seen in the Tyrol, suggestive of a farm-house rather than a church. Often and often have we come upon such, sometimes of red tiles and not unfrequently of green, so that we were forcibly reminded of St. George and his scaly dragon. The interior of Waldrast church corresponds to the exterior, and is very plain and inartistic. The image itself is of wood, and peculiarly German in its cut. Our Lady is covered with a stiff, heavy mantle, and bears her Divine Son, also robed in the same kind of garment, absolutely shapeless except where his hand comes forth. The Virgin bears a globe in her hand, and both she and the Divine Infant are crowned. The crowns, however, and the chains and ornaments on the figures, are due to the devotion of the faithful.

The Servite father who kindly showed us over the church was still a young man, and seemed very quiet and refined. His ten years' solitude had not taken any of the grace of civilization—ought we not rather to say of charity?—from his manner, nor given him in any way the air of a Nabuchodonosor. He wore his black habit and a long black beard. We were sorry to be able to

see so little of him, for we had a long journey home before us, and the greater part had to be performed on foot. We left Waldrast at midday, feeling that in these out-of-the-way nooks more can be learnt of the inner life of a people than in larger centres of bustle and activity.

The way down the other side of the mountain led through sparse forests of pine, where workmen were felling the trees and piling them in heaps as high as houses along the path. Glimpses might be caught now and then of far-off precipices, walls of rock or of snow with the intense golden white of the noonday sun glorifying their stern beauty, and reminding one of those still more difficult ascents to virtue, seemingly so inaccessible, yet so gloriously transfigured in the light of God's help and God's promises. Wild flowers abounded through the wood, and mosses and ferns grew in great tangles of greenery by the brooks which their growth overshadowed. It was a delightful expedition, and one that we should very much like to repeat. But nothing in this world ever duplicates itself; the places we once visited with such confident hopes of returning to enjoy them the next year, have we ever seen them again, or if we have, has it ever been with the same feelings, the same hopes, the same companions, nay, even the same *self*? In this law of change lies, to our mind, the sad side of travel. We go to a place, we learn to admire it, we remember it with pleasure, we almost begin to have associations with it and its surroundings, it grows in fact into our soul's history, and makes itself a place in our life. We leave it, and never see it again. We have the regret of having seen and felt beauty that is not for us, we have longed for what we could not have, we have dreamed of utopias

that were never to be realized, and we have prepared for ourselves a nest of disappointments for the future. Is not this so much time and energy lost? so much vitality taken out of our life which might have been usefully employed at home? But if the place we have visited once becomes a frequent resort, if we go back to it again and again and find ties and duties to bind us there, the charm of life is doubled, and the happiness of home reproduced under a different set of circumstances. No one knows a place if he have not lived there in all seasons and spent quiet months in finding out its hidden beauties. Places, like people, grow upon you; and what once seemed bare will, by long acquaintance, appear as full of interest as it was once devoid of it. It happened thus to ourselves in a seaside town in England, where the coast is rather bare of trees, and the country mostly flat and divided without hedges into corn and hay fields. Again, the country round Milan, which is always conventionally styled "the fertile plain of Lombardy," is of this nature. Wide fields of rice, half-flooded, and a network of roads fringed by pollard willows or low hedges, with here and there a neat little farm-house, do not at first sight constitute a beautiful country. But after three or four weeks' constant driving through these lanes, you discover the loveliest bits of "Pre-Raphaelite" nature, small triangular patches of luxuriant grass, with flowers of brilliant hue and starry shape; tiny brooks running through meadows with fire-flies making movable illuminations on their banks by night, and many more beautiful and minute details that naturally enough escape the first glance. The Roman Campagna, even with its desolate, Niobe-like grandeur, is susceptible of this

alchymy of habit. To the unaccustomed eye of a stranger it may look grand, but scarcely beautiful; to one who has walked, ridden, and driven through it in all directions, it reveals secrets of pastoral beauty, soft vales hidden by groves of ilex or cork, with violets growing plentifully in their recesses, and rivulets trickling through their rocky crevices. Even cities are better known when seen gradually, after the manner of a peaceable resident rather than that of a hurrying tourist. What do we know, to take our own case, of the Campo Santo of Pisa, which we visited between the arrival and departure of the two trains from Leghorn, compared to what we learnt of St. Mark's at Venice, where we heard Mass every day for five months? And this feeling is surely enough to breed a weariness of *mere* travel, however instructive it may be. The only places we should care to revisit are those where we stayed long enough to make them feel like home. Innsbruck is certainly one that recalls many touching domestic scenes, many of those little memories which, like a daisy-chain, bind life together, childhood and youth, sickness and health, trouble and joy—frail links, but so fair, begun in early childhood and winding themselves round the heart, through the vicissitudes of many years, the wanderings in many lands, and, above all, through the intangible changes of a restless mind and soul.

For the general reader, this sketch may perhaps have no further interest than to make him acquainted with some of the local traits of a country not so well known as other European fields of travel; for the Catholic, it ought to possess the additional interest of an effort meant to show how thoroughly this country is still imbued with the faith. Its patriotism,

too, ever closely bound to faith, was conspicuous in the wars against Napoleon and in the Tyrol. The first decade of this century is noted chiefly for the name, not of the resistless invader Bonaparte, but of the stubborn defender of mountain freedom, Andreas Hofer. Here and there are his relics—his gun, or his cap, or the cup out of which he drank. Every other inn has his figure for a sign, and every other child bears his name in memory of his gallantry. His descendants, poor and simple peasants as he was himself, are as proud of their ancestry as the haughtiest Montmorency or the oldest Colonna; and no Tyrolese mountaineer can talk for half an hour without mentioning some of Hofer's exploits against the French.

We cannot conclude without again speaking of that weird *jödel* or herd-song peculiar to the Tyrol. We have never heard it as performed by the hired companies of "minstrels" so often advertised in large towns, but we had the opportunity of listening to it under very pleasant circumstances at Innsbruck. In the beginning of September, just before our pilgrimage to Waldrast, a rural *fête* was given in honor of one of our party whose birthday it was. The open court-yard behind our house served as an *al fresco* dining-hall, a band was engaged, and fireworks and illuminations prepared. In this primitive assemblage, speeches were actually made, and, as it was not easy for the English and Tyrolese to understand each other, an interpreter was found in the bright and quick-witted courier who had superintended the whole thing. After this cordial display of mutual friendship, and a few songs and pieces, the people were left to their private enjoyments, the priest from the nearest parish being present among them. About an



hour afterwards, and before the party of mountaineers dispersed, they begged leave to sing us their *jödel*, thinking it was the most interesting thing for strangers to hear well done. Thirty men in rugged costumes, whose ornamentation chiefly consisted in silver buttons, were then brought into the great *Saal*, and the chorus began. Suddenly a single voice broke in with the marvellous *jödel*; all the others dropping into silence, and then again joining in the national song: It was indeed strange and weird-like, the echoes seemed to break again and again in renewed bursts of plaintive sound; it was not like the cry of a bird or of any animal, nor yet was it suggestive of a human voice; it had in it something of what, were we Pantheists, we might call the "voice of nature." The effect was indescribable, and, because so beautiful, saddening. We should not wish to hear it again on the stage or in the concert-room; the effect would be lost, and merged into a dramatic trick. Sung by those thirty strong voices, used to no concert hall but the open air and the mountain passes, the *jödel* was one of those things that one likes to look back upon and place among the fresh, healthy remembrances of the past. Sung before those who have always been at our side through weal or woe, this Tyrolese song becomes more than a mere remembrance, and remains a sacred memory, shared with the dead and the absent, the

ever beloved and unforgotten ones of our heart. So true is it that a thing unconnected with love, however brilliant it may be in the field of art or literature, is a failure as far as our individual appreciation of it is concerned—that this simple mountain song, vigorously but hardly skilfully performed, is far dearer to our remembrance than the perfect strains heard at other times from the lips of finished artists.

The Tyrol, no doubt, is fast putting off its early garb of faith and simple honesty; with Manchester prints and chignons, the free grace of its peasant women will vanish, and with the poisonous teaching of the International, the frankness and charm of its men will go. Already we have heard of the earnest workers of the Jesuit church being annoyed and insulted, and it may not be long before the cupidity of public officials will rob the shrines of many of their votive treasures. In these days of ruthless destruction, even the Tyrol may be dechristianized and made over to a worse barbarism than that of its savage bands of early settlers, and a worse slavery than that against which Andreas Hofer so ably and successfully fought. Still, it will always be a pleasure to us to think that we visited it in the days of its Catholic prosperity, and saw there the remains of that state of peace and public safety which everywhere characterizes a truly Christian land.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 6.

HEIDELBURG, 8th mo., 1866.

At length we are at the end of our voyage up the "beautiful Rhine," and feel totally unable to express our still increasing admiration and the delight it has afforded us, as day after day we have stopped to explore some ruined castle or picturesque mountain more charming than the last. We now find a fitting climax in the magnificent old castle of Heidelberg, said to be the most extensive and grandest of all the ruins in Germany, if not in Europe. We spent most of yesterday wandering around it, but have not yet seen one half of its beauties. In coming here from Bonn, our first "stage" was an hour's sail to Königswinter, a lovely, picturesque little village at the foot of the Drachenfels, where we were soon to be seen mounted on donkeys and on our way up the mountain. We had an amusing ride; and as there was no

danger except in imagination, we had the full enjoyment of the frequent glimpses of the beautiful landscape, which, when we reached the top, burst upon us in its whole and perfect splendor, combining an accumulation and variety of loveliness such as no country but Rhineland could produce. The "majestic river of legends," lined on either side by rocks and mountains, all bristling with picturesque and poetic ruins and interspersed with vine-clad hills or fertile valleys, formed "a tout ensemble" that would require a Byron to describe, while the ruined castle, whence all this was seen, added a crowning glory to the whole. Our excursion here occupied two or three hours, and after a lunch we proceeded up the river to Remagen, where were some old and interesting churches to visit. One of more recent date was also to be seen; and as we trudged up the steep hills on which it stood, we passed a series of shrines, in all fourteen, each containing a representation of some event in the life of Jesus. A couple of holy monks started to ascend the hill before us, and as they came to one of these shrines, they knelt reverently for some minutes before it, repeating their orisons, and then passed on to the next. This land of the Rhine is full of Catholicism and its symbols, and we see everywhere shrines and crucifixes and holy emblems, and in every church we enter are devotees, kneeling before the altars, or whispering their confessions in the ear of their holy Fathers. From Remagen we had a charming sail of 3½ hours along the most beautiful portion of this beautiful river to Coblenz opposite the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, and next morning had a most interesting visit to this stupendous and wonderful stronghold, besides enjoying another prospect equal almost to that from the Drachenfels, and with the added beauty of the "Blue Moselle" pouring in its tributary waters, just 400 feet below us; and we watched the two streams, gliding along, side by side, united, yet distinct in color, as far as the eye could reach. After descending the hill, we still had time for a visit to the oldest church we had yet seen, (it is said to be 1000 years old,) and for a walk through the town, quaint and foreign enough, with its very narrow streets and high, queer, picturesque houses; and we saw here more of the national dress than we had seen elsewhere. The caps, especially, were peculiar and various, and the young maidens were distinguished by a singular ornament, somewhat resembling a large paper-folder, stuck through the back of the hair; this is laid aside after marriage. We took to our boat again at 6½ for Capellan, half an hour farther, where we found entrance into a nice, quiet, clean German cottage, and enjoyed the finest possible coffee, chocolate and delicious waffles; and next morning, took another donkey excursion up to the

castle of Stoltzenfels, a very beautiful royal residence belonging to the Queen Dowager of Prussia, and where Queen Victoria was entertained in 1845. We were taken through most of the apartments, after putting on large, soft slippers to prevent our scratching the floors. They struck us as particularly comfortable, notwithstanding their grandeur. Again we reached the boat at 1 o'clock, and continued on for 3½ hours through the same picturesque beauties to St. Goan. Here we walked up to the ruined castle of Rheinfels, on a rocky hill, about half a mile from the hotel. Found it a most interesting ruin, commanding delightful views from various points; and our guide took us through strange dark passages, over fearful looking broken staircases, and showed us some terrible dungeons, 20 or 30 feet deep, into which in olden time prisoners were lowered by ropes—such places as we never dreamed of seeing here, amid all these beauties. We spent an hour examining all these wonderful and novel things, and returned to our hotel to supper. Next morning we were rowed across the river to the village of St. Goarhausen; then a splendid drive of three or four miles brought us to the ruin of Rheisenberg, which we rummaged around much as the last, and back to the village in time for the boat again to Bingen, two hours. The castles and ruins seemed to thicken as we proceeded and the hills to grow, if possible, still steeper, and all terraced from top to bottom with vineyards, and presenting a most singular appearance. One night here, and again took boat, and after several unimportant stops we reached Mannheim at 8 o'clock in the evening, drove at once to the depot for Heidelberg, and arrived at our destination about 11. We are delightfully situated under the brow of the magnificent ruin, and have already been enjoying it.

(To be continued.)

knife and make a noise at his soup. He will get methods of thought and points of view in themselves lofty, catholic, and public-spirited, which will, nevertheless, in his own country, as things are, retard rather than advance his career. The relations of school-boys, and even of men, with each other are so different from the intercourse of American students, that a boy may forget how to live comfortably with his fellows on his return. Again, a boy, well brought up and conscientious, when placed with liberal allowances of money in a German city, far from the restraints of home and associates, may get into ways that are unmistakably vicious and immoral. This is a danger that many parents discern when it is too late. The young man's position is perilous, especially when he is merely in the hands of private tutors, and lives in a *pension* or an hotel. I have myself known several boys who in two or three years in Leipzig and Berlin went from bad to worse—boys who at home in school or college would never have lost their footing. In German cities there is also a certain all-pervading tone of cynicism as regards religion, taken in the stricter sense. It is not fashionable, as with us, for the more intellectual people to go to church. Prussia is a Protestant nation; even Bismarck may be "evangelical" when occasion requires, and churches and preachers are not lacking. But the people whom the school-boy meets are usually agnostics or liberals—those who admire Luther as a man detest the raving atheism of the social-democrats, and are quite respectable. These are influences which few parents wish their boys to meet before they are matured.

Now, what is gained to offset these drawbacks and dangers? We will assume that the pupil could attend a good school at home, and that the expenditure of foreign travel and tuition would support him at such a school: the only real gain is a knowledge of German. He will certainly learn German. But on this point bears one fact which few appreciate. In his residence of from one to five years in Germany, speaking, reading, and writing little but German, the boy suffers a great loss in his English. This is the period when at home he is enriching his vocabulary and forming his style by English composition and the reading of English books. I would not undervalue the power one wields who has at command a great modern language, especially a language like the German, whose intrinsic beauty and force, and the wealth of whose literature, may go far to form the culture of any man. But, in making up a balance for the boy whose parents wish to have him trained abroad, this sacrifice of the mother-tongue must not be ignored.

These are some of the conditions suggested by the first class of students abroad: What is said as regards university students, who are usually adults and specialists? In their case most of the foregoing objections do not hold; in fact, the situation is nearly reversed. We have no institutions which are the original fountains of scholarship as are the German Universities. The character, language, habits of the men who study in them are in a measure formed. From observation I should say the average age of Americans studying in German Universities is 25. A graduate of one of our colleges or leading academies is ready to get and appreciate the best that the universities offer, as well as to observe and weigh the political and social element in which he moves. His vacation travel is itself a delight and an education.

The benefits of such study to men are so well understood that to print them out more in detail would be needless.

The center of the world's scholarship is there, and, if a young man knows he wants learning there is the place to get it at its best.

There is, after all, no paradox in the conclusion that while the boy may lose promptness, alertness, manners, fluency in English, and even health, the man gains besides knowledge, incentives and standards that may make him a better citizen.—*H. M. K., in Popular Science Monthly.*

#### TOO LATE.

What silence we keep year after year  
With those who are most near to us and dear.  
We live beside each other day by day,  
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say  
The full sweet word that lies just in our reach  
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go  
These close familiar friends who loved us so,  
And sitting in the shadow they have left,  
Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,  
We think with vain regret of some fond word,  
That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed  
Now seems, beside the vast sweet unexpressed,  
And slight the deeds he did, to those undone,  
And small the service spent, to treasure won,  
And undeserved the praise, for word and deed  
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be  
Full visioned only when the ministry  
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place  
Of some dear presence is but empty space,  
What recollected services can then  
Give consolation for the might have been.  
—*Selected.*

In her experience all her friends relied,  
Heaven was her help and nature was her guide.  
—*Crabbe.*

## THE VALLEY OF THE RHINE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

(See Engraving.)

**E**NSHRINED in the heart of hearts of all Germans is the Fatherland. Wherever they may be, whether their exile is involuntarily or self-imposed, they still look back with an ardent longing to the land of their birth. And this love seems to cling with especial tenacity to the Rhine. So strong is this feeling that their most stirring battle-song is the "Watch on the Rhine;" and the cry—

"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine,  
Who now will guard the river's line?"

found a response in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of brave men, who sprang to arms to protect their beloved river from real or fancied intrusion of the foe.

And this love of the Rhine is not without reason. It has been the scene of great historical events. Legend and tradition have added to its wealth of association. Upon its banks are placed some of the most interesting and most noted European cities; and it is withal most lovely in its physical aspects.

The American—coming from a country comparatively so new, where in the midst of civilization, nature still partially retains her savage character, and which history and poetry have yet to enrich with associations—the American. I repeat, entering one of the numerous outlets of the Rhine in the German sea, and ascending the river to its source in the Rhetian Alps,

will find himself almost in fairy land, with everything to wonder at, everything to admire.

The Rhine enters the North or German sea by numerous sluggish streams, forming the largest Delta in Europe. Here everything is strange to the traveller. The rivers and canals—even the sea itself—are higher than the land, and kept within their proper boundaries by immense dykes. Trees there are none, except occasional willows, solitary or in groups. The country is a flat, dead level. The houses have a quaint, unfamiliar appearance. There are windmills on every trifling eminence, seeming to challenge him with their huge arms. The countrymen and women look odd in their uncouth costumes; even the children have an old-fashioned appearance, making them seem different from the genus baby with which the traveller is acquainted at home.

In this delta will be found the towns of Amsterdam, world-renowned for the wealth of its merchants; Haarlem, noted for its ancient fortifications, its trade in flower-seeds and bulbs, and for the exceeding cleanliness of its streets; Leyden, lying between Haarlem Lake and the principal outlet of the Rhine, and Utrecht, not far distant, both the seat of celebrated universities; Rotterdam, a port second in importance to Amsterdam; and Hague, the capital.

The inhabitants of this region are especially famed for their neatness. Their houses are such marvels of housewifely care, that on their brightly-polished and carefully-waxed floors no one is permitted to step except he be unshod. Tradition has it that Frederick the Great, visiting the Netherlands incognito, once begged permission of a good housewife to enter her door without first going through the ceremony of removing his shoes. "I would not let you do it if you were King Frederick himself," was the reply of the unconscious dame. The king submitted, removed his shoes, and stepped gracefully and reverently into the domains thus consecrated to neatness.

In one village, the name of which I cannot now recall, no horses and carriages are allowed to pass through the carefully swept and garished streets lest they might leave some trace of the outer world of dirt. The very stables in this village, we have it on the authority of numerous travellers, whose words we have no occasion to doubt, are such patterns of cleanliness that they might well awake envy in a housewife of another nationality. The floors are kept scrupulously clean, the windows are draped with white curtains, and the cows,

which are stall-fed, have their tails looped gracefully up and tied with ribbons, lest in switching them about they should send floating through the air some particle of dust.

Canals form the principal roads, and boats in summer, and hand-drawn or wind-propelled sleds in winter, constitute the most common modes of conveyance. Skating is a universal and necessary accomplishment.

Passing thus through the Nether or Lowlands, we reach Germany, and already the country has changed. It is no longer a dead level. Hills and valleys make their appearance. Now and then a castle, or a more modern chateau may be seen from the river. The first town of any importance which we reach is Dusseldorf, which, without taking into account its mint, its hospitals, museums, manufactories, etc., is chiefly noted as having established one of the very best schools of modern painting.

Above Dusseldorf is Cologne. As we have ascended the Rhine, along with the levels, the dykes, and the ditches, we have lost Dutch cleanliness; and from the sights that greet the eyes, the smells that meet the nostrils, we are ready to believe the story that Cologne water was first invented in the city whose name it bears, as an antidote against the noisome stenches which everywhere pervade its streets. Cologne is, however, remarkable for some other things besides its good and bad odors. Situated on the western side of the river, it has connection with the eastern side by means of a bridge of boats. It has, moreover, a magnificent cathedral, which is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. Its foundation was laid in 1248, and the building is still unfinished.

We now find ourselves in the very heart of the Rheingau or Rhine province. This region is loveliness itself. Beyond the level of the lowlands, yet not yet attained to the height of a mountainous district, the surface of the country is broken and undulating. Being a thickly-settled region, agriculture is here carried to its utmost perfection. The cottages of the people—who are a happy, contented race, removed from actual poverty—are exceedingly picturesque with their vine-wreathed porches. Here and there are the ruins of ancient castles, which add to the charm of the scene.

The picture, "The Valley of the Rheingau," which will be found in the present number of the LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, gives a truthful and beautiful representation of this region. A vineyard is in the foreground; the river

Rhine in the middle distance stretches away in a winding course, between gently-sloping, vine-clad hills, until it meets the horizon. This region is especially noted for its wine; and we are told on good authority that a far larger quantity is imported to America purporting to come from this province than is made in it.

As we pass up the Rhine, we come to the celebrated "Seven Mountains," the chief of which group is Drachenfels, so called from its cave where the dragon was killed by the horned Siegfried. On its summit is the remains of an ancient castle, once the watch-tower and rendezvous of the robbers of the Rhine.

On the opposite bank of the Rhine stands the castle of Rolandseck, which has a romance of its own; while on a small island in the river is a building used as a convent.

Byron has described this portion of the Rhine in lines beginning as follows:

"The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine."

Still higher up we come to the castle of Ockenfels, now a blackened ruin. But we cannot enumerate half the wonders and beauties of this region. There are castles and towers in abundance; even an ancient Roman town.

At Coblenz, well known both in the history of the middle ages and of a later date, the Moselle joins the Rhine. The Moselle is a merry laughing French river which only lately turned German.

At the juncture of the Nahe with the Rhine is Bingen, rendered immortal in the Hon. Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem, "Bingen on the Rhine."

Near the mouth of this river (the Nahe), and opposite the castle of Ehrenfels, is a small square tower which is the scene of Southey's poem, "Bishop Hatto." The tower is mentioned and the characteristics of the river given thus:

"'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he;  
'Tis the safest place in Germany;  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.'"

As we ascend the river, the interest grows deeper and deeper. There is legend upon legend; poem after poem; and the character of the scenery seems to bear out both tradition and poetry. Steep rocks take the place of gently sloping banks, and hills begin to assume the size of mountains.

Reaching Weisbaden we find it a watering-place of considerable repute, with its mineral springs, *Kursaal*, gaming-tables, bands of music, and crowds of people. But we are not seeking these, so we pass on, up the river, through an ever-changing, ever-beautiful landscape. We pass Mayence with its fortresses, its cathedral, and its statue to Gutenberg, modelled by Thorwaldsen. We pass Worms, made famous by a certain Diet long, long years ago. We would like to make an excursion to Heidelberg, romantically seated on the banks of the Neckar; and visit the "Wolf's Brunnen," where the enchantress Jetta was torn in pieces by a wolf. But the Neckar deserves more than a hurried notice, it being, as Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke asserts, the only river in Northern Europe surpassing the rivers of the United States in beauty of scenery.

Reaching Strasburg, on the western side of the Rhine, we find ourselves upon the battleground of the recent Franco-German war. Here was the border-land which Germans were called upon to rescue and to shield from outer foes. Here was the river line which must be guarded. This is a quaint old town with narrow, dirty streets, and queer shaped buildings, with steep-pitched roofs, and deep-set, small and narrow windows, some of these buildings dating back many centuries. Here, too, is a cathedral remarkable, among other things, for having the highest spire in the world. This cathedral was begun in the sixth century and finished in the seventeenth. It is hardly necessary to speak of its celebrated clock, of which every one has already heard.

We now find ourselves entering enchanted ground. We are on the borders of the Black Forest, which stretches back from the left bank of the Rhine as we ascend. Speaking of it literally, this region is noted for its extensive forests, its mines of silver, copper, zinc, lead, and iron, and for the Feldberg, a mountain nearly 5,000 feet high, the highest in Western Germany. Entering the domain of romance, we find this region peopled with fairies, brownies, goblins, giants, and pigmies. These live for the most part in the long disused mines, or in the wild recesses of the forests. Here are, or once were, dragons and other monsters, and robbers innumerable. And we find in reality the scene of many fierce encounters between feudal lords of the middle ages, who were probably little better than robbers, the ruins of whose mountain fastnesses still remain. Every foot of ground is sacred to history, legend, or poetry. Every rock has its attend-

ant good or evil spirit, every waterfall its sprite.

But we cannot tarry by the way. Still moving up the broad current of the Rhine we reach Basle on the borders of Switzerland, where the river takes a sudden right-angled bend. Now the stream is no longer available for steamers and large barges, and we must be content with smaller craft. From this time on we may expect to meet rapids, whirlpools, and falls. But every eddy, every hidden rock has its own history or mystery. It is in this portion of our journey that the Lorelei sits and sings to lure heedless travellers to their destruction down in the depths of the Rhine. The scenery becomes wilder and grander, and already we see the far-off forms of the mountains.

At last we reach Lake Constance, a lake forty-two miles long, and at an elevation of 1,250 feet above the level of the sea. On this lake is the city of Constance, a picturesque, fortified town, which has a historical interest.

Leaving the lake at its upper end, and still following the Rhine, we find ourselves in the midst of the mountains, with Switzerland on the right hand and Germany on the left. We have not yet attained the grandeur of the Alps, but the landscape is sufficiently magnificent. Pausing at the junction of the Upper and Lower Rhine, we hesitate which stream to ascend. But it makes little difference. Either will repay the traveller, taking him into the midst of the Rhetian Alps. Of course we have long since found it impossible to travel by water, but we still hold to the stream as to a clue which shall surely conduct us to grandeur yet unseen.

There at last are the Alps, arrayed in their unsurpassed magnificence, their needle-like peaks piercing the sky, cold and blue in the shadow, but breaking into a thousand points of light and color in the sun. Some of these have their individual names, many more are known only by the general name of the range. There are rocky precipices, immense glaciers and headlong torrents forming from the ice and snow, dripping and rushing down the mountain side, wearing away the earth, and tossing the rocks hither and thither in their courses. The waters of these streams finally flow into the Rhine and its tributaries, and go tumbling boisterously to Basle where they spread themselves out into a broad river, and move decorously and sedately through all the lovely Rhineland, till they reach the Netherlands, and, forgetful of their impetuous youth

and infancy creep out in a sluggish current to the ocean.

Germany is now behind us, and the Rhine is the German Rhine no more. We are in Switzerland. We see the chalets and cottages which dot the lower slopes of the Alps; we meet the simple peasants who cling with such fidelity to their native land, that the German love of Fatherland seems to dwindle into insignificance beside it, so that the *mal du pays* of the Switzer is known the world over. We see their quaint costumes; we watch them attending their herds among the mountain passes, and hear their songs reverberating from rock to rock.

We have followed our clue until we can trace it no longer. It loses itself on the summits of these everlasting hills, or floats in a vaporous veil about their heads. We have seen the old-world quaintness of the Netherlands, the beauty of Rhineland, the weird and bewildering graces of the Black Forest and the Upper Rhine; and now we pause awestruck and abashed before the grandeur and majesty of these Alpine heights.

Our one companion and guide has been "the Rhine, the German Rhine." Can we wonder at the place it holds in the hearts of those who dwell upon its banks?

I cannot do better, to express the admiration and awe in which this river is held than to give place here to a free translation of a German poem. Those who have read the poem in its original form, must pardon me with the exceeding liberty I have taken with it in putting it into an English dress:

"Of the Rhine, of the Rhine, my son, beware!  
Its shores are a snare to thee!  
Thy life will flow on too smoothly there,  
And thy spirit too joyous be.

"There are men so rich in each manly grace,  
And maidens so frank and sweet,  
That they seem as though sprung from some noble  
race;  
And thy heart with theirs shall beat,

"By the river the castles will greet thy sight,  
And the heavenward pointing spire;  
On the mountains thou'lt climb to a dizzy height,  
To look down to thy soul's desire—

"The beautiful stream where the Nixe dwells;  
There the pale-lipped Lorelei shall wait,  
In the place where the angry water swells,  
To lure thee with songs to thy fate.

"But alas! what availeth this warning of mine?  
Entranced by the beautiful river,  
Still thou criest, in rapture and fear, 'To the Rhine'  
Thou returnest no more forever!"



## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

*Italy, June, 1853.*

We have read with interest "Notes from Foreign Travel," written for the *Evening Bulletin*, and extract, for our columns, an account of the visit to Herculaneum and Pompeii; and may avail ourselves of the privilege of further extracts from the same source.

Our carriages paused at the door of a house where candies were sold, and wine was to be had. What business any of our party could have at such a place I could not imagine, but the courier informed me that Herculaneum was there. Herculaneum in a small grocery! Herculaneum—the city of the Osyries; the home of the Tyrrheniens; the delight of the luxurious Romans; the city where the gods of Greeks, Egyptians, and the Romans had their temples, and where the Graces and Muses counted their worshippers among even the common people! Herculaneum to be seen in a dingy box, in which the residents

of the poorest of our poorest suburbs would scorn to open an old junk shop! Yet we entered. No word was said about our wishes. There was but one purpose for which a carriage could stop on that side the street, and a street near led us down a flight of stairs to what might be regarded as the cellar or basement of the tenement above. Here each visitor received a long tallow candle and proceeded to light it at the one held by the guide. And forthwith we commenced our descent. And before we go, as various things may occur to prevent a word of explanation, necessary to understand the difference between Pompeii and Herculaneum, let me here state that both cities were buried at the same time and by the same eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Pompeii, being at a distance and separate from Vesuvius by a valley, received only the ashes and some scoria from the mountain, which buried the town, and being mingled with water gave quite a consistency to the covering material. But Herculaneum is at the very base of the volcano, and consequently received a large portion of the discharged matter quite hot. Some lava, much scoria and hot water, formed a mass which soon became as hard as stone.

But, in the meantime, let it also be understood that neither city was overwhelmed with lava. Lava, when cold, becomes harder than any stone in that neighborhood; and if such metal had really run into the streets of the city, and filled them above the tops of the houses, no one would have discovered Herculaneum; at least no one would have exposed as much as is now visible, for the mass would have been almost impervious to a chisel driven by a heavy hand. Pompeii has had the rubbish, the ashes, scoria and dirt removed from its houses and streets, so that its exposed parts have now no appearance of being ever buried. Of Herculaneum I have a few words yet to say. Following our guide and each other, we descended some distance into the earth, when we were informed that we were coming into a theatre; and holding our lights up, we saw that we were about to descend strong, well defined stairs, made of granite. We entered the lobby of the immense theatre, saw the decorations on the walls, passed round to the place where the audience was wont to be seated, paused in the orchestra, and trod the place of the stage. The rooms in which the actors dressed were distinct; and beautiful statues, paintings, and mosaics, made the uses of each chamber plain to the visitors. An inscription on the walls set forth that L. An. Manuianus Rufus, Judge and Censor, had built the theatre and orchestra at his own expense, and that Numisius, son of Pullius, was the architect.

The house would accommodate about ten thousand spectators, or about one hundred and twenty-one rows of seats or grades. There were found in this theatre an immense number of marble and

bronze columns and statues. Among these were four equestrian statues in gilded bronze. Most of the rich ornaments taken from this subterranean theatre are to be seen in the Museum at Naples. After spending much time in this under-ground expedition, we returned to day light, and were informed that on the other side of a small street that opened up into the main road we could see more. Descending then through a neighborhood which seemed to us quite as strange as would have been the old residents of Herculaneum, had they been dug out of the theatre and set up to dry and revive, we reached a small gate which opened upon a lateral descent that led us at once into disinterred ruins, which seemed as if they were a part of Pompeii which we had previously visited. As the earth, lava and mixture have been removed from this part, the whole was dry, light and pleasant. Temples, palaces, dwellings and all manner of conveniences and devices were visible here as at Pompeii, though to a small extent, as the great depth, nearly a hundred feet, of metal to be removed, renders the work of excavation quite slow; indeed little is now being done, money and curiosity fail, and Herculaneum rests therefore under a superincumbent mass of the ejections of Vesuvius, above which are orange groves, olive trees, vineyards, houses, churches and villas; and if these are undermined, the cost of removing the immense mass of hard, almost vitrified covering, will be augmented by the damages assessed for the value of the improvements above.

Besides many dwellings, a Basilica, and other distinctly marked houses, my attention was drawn to a temple of Venus. Beneath the pedestal on which was placed the statue of the goddess, was a subterranean chamber, having in it a fireplace and an altar, with aperture for smoke.

On the side towards the sea was a small tribunal or criminal court, and near this was the prison. In one of the lower dungeons, much below the level of the streets, we found a small cistern, to which water was once conducted by a pipe inserted into the wall. Here, also, were other fixtures, such as are found in prisons; and one place was shown to us which was said to be the stone of execution.

Only a few days before our visit, persons employed in one of these dungeons had discovered the remains of a human skeleton, and an iron chain, though completely oxidized, had so mingled with the mass of earth and lava as to make it evident that the skeleton was that of a man who had died in chains—without doubt a prisoner who had miserably perished with the destruction of the city, whose laws he had violated, or whose officers he had offended. He has left no one who can tell his tale of wrongs received, and there is no record of the court by which he was condemned, to let us know what crime he had committed. It is well for him—perhaps

better for justice—that there is a Court where the records will be preserved, whatever may be the fate of the accused, and where the errors of the magistrates of Herculaneum will be corrected, and the prisoner acknowledge the justice or mercy of the tribunal.

I looked at the walls of the dungeon to see whether there were any marks which the sufferer had made as a token of his impatience or his pain. Some short lines on the decayed plastering seemed to me almost as if the miserable man had, night after night, scored upon the prison wall one more long, long day of suffering; and when at last he saw that not even his keeper nor his judge could release him, that a high tribunal was pouring out its wrath upon edile, consul, judge and officer, and that he must meet death, not lingeringly, but at once, must smother amid the smoke and ashes from the mountain, or be scalded by the steam from the boiling water that rushed along his corridors, he had dashed his chains against the walls, and left a mark on its surface that only eighteen hundred years should disclose. The dungeon, the skeleton, and the chain were there—fancy alone connected the sufferer with the marks upon the wall, but it does not require a vigorous fancy to call up the prisoner to his subterranean cell, and, as one looks through a grated window above his door, to see him listening to the uproar without, to hear him calling to brother sufferers, and to his jailor, and when at last chink after chink is filled up with the smothering tempest of ashes, sulphur, scoria and water, to hear him scream out in his agony, and breath by breath to note the yielding of his nature to the deadening influences that are around him, to catch his last cry for help to the gods of Rome, of Greece, or of Egypt, and his last urgent promises to enrich their altars with sacrifice, if they would interpose in his behalf—or, he may have been one of the new sect of Him of Nazareth; that doctrine had a few professors in that part of Italy; and the victim may have been imprisoned on account of his Christian creed; and the cry that he was making was not of despair, or mainly for earthly help; he may have been uttering his confidence in the new doctrine of which he was a confessor, he may have been singing one of the hymns which in their hour of agony the “sectarians” sang, and instead of a promise to Jupiter, Isis, or Hercules, he may have been breathing out the language of his Great Master, and saying to the God that had been newly declared to him: “Into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

The part of Herculaneum which is exposed, (I do not include the theatre, as that is entirely under the town,) occupies nearly an acre of ground; and the south side of this exposure has the walls of the houses and the town, which were washed by the seas which runs at a distance. One street, very narrow, leads down to the place where the water was; and just before it terminates, it has a

descent of about thirty degrees, so that passengers could step on board the boats or reach the water. And all circumstances combine to show that the manners, customs, habits and energy of the ancient residents of this city, were not greatly different from those of the cities of modern Italy. Civilized man is nearly the same in all times.

If I were to write under the strong impressions which I received from the wonders of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and attempt a description of any considerable portion of what I saw there, I should never reach those other cities which claim the attention of travellers, and which, if not entitled by their sudden extinction to the same sympathies which these excite, are nevertheless deeply interesting to the classical reader. I must at another time revisit in fancy these wonder-exciting ruins, and give my readers some additional letters, a little out of date, but not, I hope, “out of order,” relative to the remarkable memorials of the ancients which these cities contain, and which go now to show how little advances have been made in the manufacture of articles of luxury—though, thank God, and the spirit of the times in which we live, and the spirit of the institutions especially with which we are blessed, all that was useful and exclusive among the ancients, is now beautiful and common; and the millions now enjoy what two thousand years ago were the exclusive possessions of the rich and great.

(To be continued )

#### PECULIARITIES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

In England there is no checking of baggage, and unless you see that your trunks are properly marked and put into the baggage car, you are not at all sure that they will go through; nor even then are you sure of finding them when you arrive at your destination. In France each passenger is allowed fifty-six pounds, but on most of the roads for every ten pounds excess above that you are taxed thirty-five cents. If you have eleven pounds excess you must pay seventy cents. In Italy you must pay for all

baggage except that taken in the hand. It costs about one-half a fare to take a common-sized trunk through Italy—that is the first cost. Then comes the secondary expenses; every porter expects a fee. A coachman does not descend from his box to lift your trunk; it is not his business to handle trunks, but a porter is ready at the station door to take it from the coach to the car, for which service he will expect a half-franc. The man who weighs it will ask for a trifle; the clerk who registers it will not give you the baggage-ticket till you have placed a fee in his hand; the man who puts it into the car will politely touch his hat and ask you to remember him. Arriving at your next stopping-place, the porter who takes it from the car and carries it to the coach will ask for a half-franc; the coachman will tell you that baggage is extra and will ask for a trifle that he may drink your honor's health; the porter at the hotel will make a similar request, and so on at every halting-place.

But worse than this leeching of the pocket is the bother of getting it registered at every station. First, you must purchase your passage ticket, then you make your way to the baggage-room to find three or four hundred other persons, pushing, crowding, treading on each other's toes—all shouting to the baggage-men. It is an unintelligible jargon—Italian, German, French, English, and Spanish. There is always a crowd at the one little pigeon-hole where you present your passage ticket, for that must be done before you can have your baggage registered. You are enveloped in an atmosphere of garlic and other nameless and indescribable unsavory smells which arise from the unwashed of Europe.

In many of the stations there is no order or method, and each passenger does what is right in his own eyes, and the strongest and most adroit is the most successful. Your baggage must be registered ten minutes before the departure of the train, and not unfrequently passengers have the mortification and vexation of seeing a train depart, leaving themselves and baggage behind.

Those who intend making a rapid tour need but little baggage. A gentleman will need only a small carpet-sack. A merchant going from Boston to Chicago, and other western cities, on business, who intends to be gone six or eight weeks even, does not trouble himself with a trunk—but such a trip is quite as extended as that taken by most European travelers. Distances are short here, when compared with those in America. Thin clothing will not be wanted. One good business suit will suffice for all places, and should any one need new clothing it may be obtained ready made in all the cities and large towns of Europe.

A lady needs a travelling-dress of some stout,

serviceable material—linsey or winsey, proof against mud and water—also, one black alpaca, or silk, and, perhaps, one other dress. Under-clothing of every description can be readily obtained, ready made or to order, at cheaper rates than in America, and it is much better to purchase an article when it is needed, than to pay the high transportation that is charged by railway companies. For outward wear, a cloth or black silk sack, a breakfast shawl, a blanket shawl, stout, thick soled walking shoes, will give an outfit sufficient for a journey through Europe.

Unless persons tarry long in one place they do not get into "society," and extra dresses for the drawing-room are not needed. One small trunk will suffice for a gentleman and lady making the tour of Europe, and if Switzerland only is to be visited, two carpet-bags will contain all that will be needed. Most persons who bring large trunks from America, leave them in Paris, and travel with the smallest possible amount of luggage.

*Money.*—There are several ways of obtaining funds. The most commonly adopted is the deposit of securities with a Boston or New York banking house who give letters of credit on London and Paris; or, instead of this, one may bring United States 5 20 bonds, which are readily purchased, at their market value, in London, Paris, and nearly all the large European towns. They are not quite so readily disposed of in Italy as in other sections, but many travellers take them instead of circular notes. Bank of England notes are very convenient in Paris. French gold—ten and twenty franc pieces—is current everywhere on the continent—more so than English sovereigns. Some bankers issue what are called circular notes, which can be used as bills of exchange, and which not unfrequently command a premium. Most travellers prefer general letters of credit, available everywhere.

A person entering France will find a new but convenient system of coinage—immeasurably superior to that of England. The coin consists of centimes and francs. One hundred centimes make twenty sous, or one franc, equivalent to twenty cents United States coin; five centimes make one cent American money. The gold coin in general use are five, ten, and twenty franc pieces. Of silver coins, there are one-franc, half franc, (ten cents,) one fourth franc, (five cents.) Travellers will find it advantageous to have a good supply of small coins, for cabmen and porters. Those who intend to land in England will do well to take a few sovereigns from America, to be used before reaching London. Those landing in France will find a few francs desirable, for railway fare and general expenses. Other than this, they can rely upon their general letters of credit.

*Hotels.*—In a European hotel you may engage a room costing from fifty cents to two dollars per day, and eat what you please, in the house or out of it. But your bill, when presented, will have numerous items—twenty-five or fifty cents a day for service—also items for fire, lights, boots, etc. In France, and on the continent, this minute division of the account is carried to the end, and the aggregate, to a traveller who has not learned the ways of continental hotel-keepers, is sometimes quite startling.

The hotels of England do not compare with those of the United States for convenience or comfort. Very few of them have hot water in the chambers. If you wish for a bath, you may take it in your own room in a great, shallow, tin-pan. A person can be pretty comfortable in an English hotel, but at an expense quite as great as in Boston.

A person stopping long in London will find it advantageous to take furnished apartments, purchase his own provisions, and employ his landlady to cook. A large proportion of the tradesmen of London live after that manner and are called lodgers, and it is proposed by the Liberals that they shall not be left out of the forthcoming reform bill.

In Paris, and all over Europe, this is a common mode of life, and a party stopping a month in a city will find it much cheaper than boarding at a hotel.

In Europe very few people travel in first class cars. Men and women high in society, who care to be economical, take the second-class cars of England. The second-class here are about three and a half cents per mile. The first class is one-third dearer. Hotel bills will be high or low, according to the taste of the individual. Three dollars per day in gold, while travelling, is sufficient to give all necessary comforts. In addition, there are the small fees to those who show you the grand sights, those who have the keys of the church doors, and the attendants at museums. A thousand dollars in gold will enable a person to see a great deal on this side of the Atlantic, not only the great exhibition, but to take a journey through England, Switzerland, and Germany. Rapid travelling is more expensive than that taken leisurely.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

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"Thou art my portion, O Lord!" Behold here the test of rectitude, of happiness, of a Christian.

NOTES OF **FOREIGN TRAVEL,** FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 2.

AMBLESIDE, 7th mo., 1866.

That we are really here enjoying all the delights of this superb lake and mountain scenery, seems so strange, that I shall have to put myself into communication with some of you good folks at home to be able to think of it as a fact; and perhaps in briefly recapitulating our movements for the past few days, and remembering how we came to this charming region, I may gradually realize that it is not merely a dream. Since my last, we have been to Stoke upon Trent. On entering this black and dismal town, devoted almost entirely to potteries, we observed everywhere the royal standard floating overhead. This was explained by the information that the Prince and Princess of Wales were at that moment inspecting the show rooms of the different establishments. We started off for a glimpse of their Royal Highnesses, and succeeded in obtaining it, and united in the verdict that the Princess was a very lovely-looking lady, but that a crowd of English workingmen, with their wives and daughters, contained about as many ill-favored specimens of humanity as we had ever before seen collected. The occasion of their presence at this time was the laying of the corner-stone of an Infirmary by his Royal Highness. In the afternoon we had a delightful ride among the shady manors, lanes and blossoming hedges, where we saw more beautiful wild flowers than we had met with anywhere since leaving Cornwall. There we had only the early spring flowers, though in a profusion and variety we never had seen before, while here in Staffordshire, wild roses and honeysuckles, and all sorts of lovely things besides, made the hedges one sheet of bloom, and filled the air with a fragrance that was perfectly delicious. I wish you could enjoy some of these charming drives. They are so delightful. The wild flow-

alone are a perfect feast, and the road sides, and even between the railroad tracks in some sections, are like a perpetual garden. Wild pansies are constantly peeping up in clusters, and the most luxuriant spikes of toxglove here spring up between the rocks and flaunt their gay blossoms in the most extravagant manner possible. We have seen patches of twenty or thirty feet in length covered thickly with it, while the ivy seems perfectly irrepressible—running over the ground, twisting itself into the hedges and climbing up the trees, and hanging over low stone walls, and creeping up high ones, and mantling over everything that would be, without it, ugly or unsightly, until one might almost think that it “enjoys the very air it breathes,” and could not in any way be prevented from doing so. One of the varieties has a tiny leaf, not much larger than that of the Kenilworth Ivy. I remember seeing at Kew Gardens a collection of the different kinds, comprising a great number of every size and kind, all of which I suppose grow freely and luxuriantly throughout England. Our delightful drive was lengthened out till after we had watched the sun go down at half past eight o'clock, and the next afternoon we drove to Trentham Park, which we were allowed to enter, and passing slowly through it, we had a full opportunity of enjoying its many and varied beauties. It is indeed a lordly and magnificent domain, comprising altogether more than a thousand acres “of hill and dale, and wood and lawn and stream,” while the river Trent, winding through the midst, forms a lake of upwards of eighty acres in extent. This is only one of the Duke of Sutherland's princely abodes. We hear he has three or four others, besides his London house. I do not know that the others are in the same style of grandeur, but it seems to me it must take a vast amount of poverty and wretchedness to counterbalance the luxury and splendor of the life of this one noble Duke.—Next morning we left for the lakes; arrived about four, P. M., at Windermere, after passing through a great deal of delightful scenery; during the last two hours it was grand and picturesque, but the mist hung so heavy over the distant mountains, as almost to obscure them. Our hotel here was beautifully situated near the Lake, and after dining we had a splendid drive to Troutbeck, a very romantic mountain stream. The road was a continued series of exquisite views, in every variety of the picturesque and lovely, but the mist still circumscribed the more distant prospect. Returning, we passed through a part of the valley, composed entirely of tasteful villas, surrounded in some instances by extensive grounds and flowers—flowers everywhere. The roses are now in their full beauty, and wherever we go we see cottages and even the most humble cabins literally covered with

them, in the most luxuriant state of perfection. Next morning, we set off in an open carriage for a circuitous drive to Ambleside, during which we stopped at Grassmere, and visited the tomb of Wordsworth, and the little church he used to attend, said to be nine hundred years old; and surely it is the most quaint and curious of all the old buildings we have seen. Here, too, is a tablet to the memory of the Poet, immediately over the family pew. We had also a view of Dove's Nest, the cottage where Mrs. Hemans once passed a summer, and it looked indeed as though it might be a fitting home for such a spirit. On our return, we alighted from the carriage and walked a short distance to Rydal Mount, once the home of Wordsworth; but unfortunately the public are now excluded from the grounds, in consequence of some recent abuse; and the house was very imperfectly seen from without, though from the slight glimpses we could obtain, we were quite able to imagine it all it is described—“a perfect bower of roses and ivy.” We were back again at Ambleside by five o'clock, and after a short rest, set off for a walk to Stook Gylt Force, a picturesque little waterfall, not far from the hotel, and then through the village, beautiful, like everything else, and to bed, literally before the twilight was gone, at half past ten o'clock. Next morning, we were ready for another day equally delightful, driving to Paterdale, seventeen miles and back, over the Kirkstone Pass, on the top of which stands the highest inhabited house in England, fourteen hundred and eighty feet above the ocean, where we enjoyed the most magnificent views of *real mountain scenery* we have yet had. To describe such prospects, is, for me, utterly out of the question, when I feel, as I now do, how far the very best descriptions fall short of the reality. We were prepared to find a great deal to admire and enjoy “among the Lakes,” but what we expected seems as nothing in comparison with what we have found, and every excursion shows us something more charming than the last. I think some of us had felt just a little afraid that our “Ideal” had been too high, and that the ground rendered classic by having been the home of Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Southey, and De Quincey, and Mrs. Hemans and Harriet Martineau, would be found, after all, to be very much like the ground everywhere else on the surface of this sublunary earth, but I must honestly confess it is not so. There certainly dwells a charm about these glorious hills and “tarns” quite distinct from that of their poetical associations, or, perhaps, it is the poetry itself, that so pervades the very atmosphere as to make all things appear, even to the most prosaic eye, bright and lovely, and different from the ordinary seeming of “this dull spot that men call earth.” Still we cannot always

escape even *here* the sober certainties of real life, as we were forced to admit on our return from the Paterdale drive; for before we had reached the summit of the mountain, we were overtaken by a storm of wind and rain which effectually put a stop to all further prospects for the present. Next day we again took our carriage, and drove through the same lovely scenes to this place—about eighteen miles. The town is close to the shores of Derwent Water, one of the smallest but most lovely of all the lakes, and the view of the entire valley, as it bursts upon you in descending the hill, is wonderfully beautiful. We have not yet seen much of the place, or its surroundings, but expect to drive to the Falls of Lodore, and some other points of interest, and will then leave for Edinburgh and the Scottish lakes, which we are told are finer even than these. That is hard to believe; for it seems to me there never could be anything more charming than the scenery we have been feasting on for the past week. We have, to be sure, made one terrible discovery about the pretty picturesque little cottages. The windows are frequently large, and almost universally filled with flowering plants, and we often wondered to see them closely shut, even in the hottest weather; but we found that *one little pane* of glass upon hinges was all the opening of which they were capable, and that this poor loop-hole afforded the only ventilation, not only for the poor imprisoned flowers, but for the more miserable human inmates, condemned to breathe such an atmosphere. It is a mystery to me, how the poorer classes can have health; but if they are as robust as they seem, it must be attributed to their active habits, and being much in the open air.

(To be continued.)



NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.  
No. 3.

PERTH, 7th month, 1866.

A rainy "Scotch Sunday" in this ancient town of Perth gives us a little time for writing to our friends at home. We have met in our travels a great deal to exceed anything we have in America in abstract beauty and high cultivation, a great part of which is owing, of course, to the genial climate of England and to the abundance and cheapness of labor. Some of our drives through the rural lanes in the neighborhood of the Lakes were perfectly bewitching in their loveliness. On the afternoon of the 1st of the present month, we set off in an open carriage, a delightful mode of travelling for short distances, to Keswick, 17 miles, on the shore of Derwent Water, and after a splendid drive of two hours through the same charming scenery we had been enjoying for some time past, over the foot of Helvellyn, and in sight of many lovely little waterfalls, we reached the top of the hill overlooking Keswick, and I think we have scarcely seen a more beautiful picture than lay spread out before us. The Lake is considered one of the finest in England, and the surrounding landscape, united with the softening effect of the evening shadows, made the whole scene one of surpassing harmony and loveliness. As we drove along we were attracted by a large turretted building not far off, which we of course imagined to be the residence of some illustrious noble of the land, and were beginning to invest the place with a great many imaginary and romantic charms, when we found ourselves gradually approaching its entrance, and soon discovered it was a very handsome hotel to which we had been directed. It was splendidly situated, commanding a most extensive prospect, and we were so fortunate as to secure very comfortable rooms, and after taking our tea, we spent the remainder of the evening at the windows enjoying the beautiful prospect, until the scene was varied by the approach of a heavy thundergust. Next day was dull and showery, but being able to enjoy so much without leaving the house, there was not much philosophy required to reconcile us to remaining in it for the day. We found time

between the showers for a walk to the Lake and through the village. The former is exquisitely lovely. The next day was still rainy, so we decided, though with great regret, to go on to Edinboro. We left the mountains and their fine scenery behind us, and hoped it had been the same with the clouds, but after a few hours of sunshine, they lowered around us again, as thickly as ever, and we were beginning to wonder if this kind of weather is really the best that Scotland has to offer us—though now the sun is again shining, and we are going out for a walk to see the house where once lived the "fair maid of Perth," immortalized by Scott, and some other places made memorable by the occurrence of important historical events.

As we approached the northern boundary of England we observed a marked difference in the appearance of the people as well as the country, and no longer saw traces of the neatness that had struck us so forcibly farther south. The peculiar Scottish costume we have as yet seen little of. In Edinboro we selected a very good hotel, close to the monument of Walter Scott, and commanding a view which probably gives a better idea of the city, both old and new town, than could have been commanded anywhere else. It is kept somewhat in the American style, with a public table for breakfast and dinner and a ladies sitting room, which, as we are out most of the time, we concluded to make use of instead of taking a private parlor, as is our usual custom. Next morning walked to Holyrood Palace, on our way going into the house once occupied by John Knox—a strange old building, containing some curious relics. We saw his study—sat on his chair and were shown the window from which he used to preach. We then went into White house close (or court) in which stands the oldest Hostellerie in the town, and which is famous as the stopping place of Dr. Johnson when in Edinboro. At Holyrood we had a most interesting visit, and I could scarcely believe that we really stood on the spot that poor Queen Mary had made so memorable—that we actually saw her chamber—her bed, all that remained of her blankets, (a piece about 18 inches square)—her work-box covered with her own embroidery, and the baby basket sent her as a present by Queen Elizabeth at the birth of her son James the VI.—that we stood too in the little room where she and her favorite Rizzio were supping the night of his assassination, and were shown the secret door by which the murderers entered. The stone on which she and Darnley knelt at their marriage is also preserved here, as is the Queen's private altar-piece, and they all seemed invested, as we gazed on them, with a charm and reality which we could not dispute. The chapel is now only a ruin, but a very grand and

noble one, and we could readily see traces of its former magnificence, and believe in all the sad and strange histories connected with it in days that are past. Our next visit was to "The Castle"—Edinboro's magnificent castle; and we were certainly not disappointed. No one could be, it seems to me, no matter how high their expectations may have been. It is indeed a most wonderful structure, and situation and all considered, it is not at all remarkable that it should have been so long and so completely impregnable. The view from the battlements was extensive and beautiful, commanding the city and many miles of the surrounding country. We were shown many things, possessing no abstract interest, but interesting from their historical associations. The crown jewels had been kept concealed for more than a century, from political motives, until in 1817 the king ordered the chest containing them to be opened, and they have ever since been exhibited freely to the public. In returning from the castle, we walked through some of the "Closets," and saw enough filth and squalor and degradation to make us almost sick. I do not wish any of our Friends to see what we did, but I believe no one could imagine the reality, without having done so, or conceive the horrible condition of the inmates of these miserable alleys. They are apparently stowed away as closely as they can possibly live, and we saw proofs of entire disregard not only of all cleanliness, but of common decency, and the air in some of them was so terribly foul, that we were glad to escape with a very slight glimpse. It is indeed astonishing how they can live and thrive, as they appear to, in such an atmosphere—and thrive they certainly do—every one looking strong and healthy, and the swarms of children all rosy and bright, as far as we could see through the dirt. Later in the day, we drove through what is called Cow Gate, confessedly the *worst* part of Edinboro, and really what we had before seen was as nothing to this. Throughout the entire length of the street, many squares, and only wide enough for our carriage, was one constant succession of miserable pictures, composed of every variety we could suppose possible of human depravity, and I shuddered to think how *much more* there was behind those dingy walls than what met our eyes in passing rapidly by them. We were all conscious, I believe, of a sensation of relief when we at last emerged into a brighter and purer air. The recollections of our drive dwelt with us longer than we liked, interfering with our usual sleep. As an antidote to all this, we took a drive up to Salisbury Crag and the far famed "Arthur's Seat." The latter we had to ascend on foot, and we were perfectly charmed by the splendor of the views from the summit. Edinboro, with her wonderful Castle and Holyrood Palace, and

Caulton Hill, with its monuments and miles of lovely country scenery spread around the whole, made one of the most perfect panoramas the eye could possibly desire. After admiring it as long as it seemed prudent to remain, we scrambled down and re-entered our carriage for home. Next morning visited, among many others, the monument of Robert Burns, which we entered, and saw a number of his original letters and other interesting relics of the past—all of which were shown and explained by a venerable Scotchman just fitted for his vocation and full of enthusiasm about his talented countryman. We next examined the rich and magnificent monument to Walter Scott. It is 200 feet in height, but we did not ascend it, preferring a drive through some parts of the city we had not yet seen. The streets are broad and elegant, reminding us of some of the finest in London, but very quiet. Edinboro is indeed a beautiful city, if we see only one side of the picture—most travellers, I suppose, do so; we were unfortunately undeceived. In the morning we took cars to Kinross, a small town on Loch Leven, where we were ferried across to the Castle by a very intelligent man, who was full of enthusiasm in the cause of poor Queen Mary, and told us many things that added greatly to the interest of this melancholy ruin.

(To be continued.)

NOTES OF **FOREIGN TRAVEL,** FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 4.

LONDON, Seventh month, 1866.

Once again we are in London, and have been fortunate in securing accommodations close to all we care most about,—that is, as far as practicable, in so immense a place as London. We are in a sort of aristocratic “blind alley,” animated without being noisy, and such pleasant accommodations altogether that we feel much at home. I am becoming much attached to Old England, and think almost with dread of the time now so near when we shall really set out for “foreign parts,” to wander in a strange land, and among a people speaking an unknown tongue. I am sadly doubtful of our knowledge of the French and German languages proving sufficient for Continental purposes.

I think, when I closed my last very hurriedly, I had said nothing about the beautiful Abbey of Melrose, which we were sorry to find close adjoining the village; indeed, almost enclosed by it, beside being fenced in and locked up.

But it is a magnificent and imposing ruin, and we almost wearied our guide by our lengthened admiration. We had a more satisfactory view of the exterior afterward, by walking outside the graveyard. The elaborate finish of the carving of the interior, and the wonderful state of preservation (for more than 600 years) exceeding what I could have imagined, was still more surprising when we learned that it was supposed to have been the workmanship of a body of Sistine monks, the architects as well as the original occupants of the monastery. On the morning of the 16th we left in a post chaise for Abbotsford. A splendid day, and we were more than delighted with our visit. A grand-daughter of Sir Walter, 14 years old, is heiress of Abbotsford. The place is occupied by Mr. J. Hope Scott, who married a daughter of Mr. Lockhart, and took the name of Scott on his marriage. His wife is deceased, but he and his family have given up all the rooms made memorable by the memory of Sir Walter, to be open to visitors, they using only the newer parts.

Such is the enthusiastic veneration for the former occupant that the cicerone told us they sometimes had three and four hundred visitors in a day. A clock is there which formerly belonged to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. It is still ticking—a period of more than two hundred years. We saw much we shall long remember in connection with the former owner. As we passed on to Dryburg, in whose ruined Abbey his bones found their last resting place, we crossed a hill where it is said he frequently went, considering the view from it the finest in this everywhere charming country; and we were told that, by a singular chance, on the day of his funeral, the procession was detained, by an accident, for a considerable time, during which the hearse stood on his favorite spot.

Next morning, about 9 o'clock, we took the car for York, and arrived about 4 P. M., not too much fatigued to visit the far-famed York-Minster. After a pleasant walk through the town, which bore, everywhere, the appearance of great age, as well as substantial comfort, we reached this magnificent structure just as it was being closed for the day; but the obliging Warden admitted us, and explained all the various points of attraction, kindly allowing us to remain quite a long time, though not half as long as we should have enjoyed looking at its almost overwhelming grandeur and majestic proportions. The richness and splendor of its numerous stained windows (one of which measures 75 feet by 31,) and the exquisite delicacy and variety of the stone carvings, far exceeded all the abbays and churches that we had previously seen, and the lofty vaulted roof, 100 feet in height, added impressiveness to the whole. The date of its erection is early in the 13th

century. Next day we were on our way to London.

We have spent one day between the National Gallery and the Royal Academy, both very splendid institutions, and several hours were passed in examining the many exquisitely beautiful paintings, the work of renowned artists, whose productions we had always heard of with longing. Hampton Court was one of the many objects of interest, and it took a long day to enjoy all the beauties and wonders of the place. The house covers eight acres of ground, with gardens, and pleasure grounds, and parks of proportionate extent, and all this vast domain kept up in perfect style. The Palace is no longer used by Royalty, but is occupied in different suites of apartments by decayed gentlemen, formerly ladies of honor, retired officers of the Crown, and so forth. Their apartments are strictly private, but all the galleries of paintings and poets, once the abode of Kings and Queens, are open to inspection; and in them we saw many curious pieces of old furniture, which have been preserved with great care, through centuries, showing us, by the aid of a little imagination, what was "the interior life" of Royalty, hundreds of years ago.

The next day we had a little peep into that of the present Sovereign of England, or rather of her horses, as we visited Her Majesty's stables, at Windsor. They generally contain 164 horses; and the sight impressed us with a sense of the blessedness of our republican government in contrast to this, where all these immense establishments are kept up for *one little woman*. It was, however, a curious sight, and we all united that horses and carriages never could be kept in more exquisite order.

Next day we spent at the Kensington Museum, a place we had been strongly recommended to see, but of which "the half had not been told us." It is a very large and elegant building, in the West End, filled with all that can be imagined of strange and curious, from all parts of the world; and I think we might spend a week or two there without finding out the extent of its treasures. It was a perfect feast, with its magnificent collection of paintings. There was the Vernon gallery, of which we had heard so much; with the *copies* of some of the best pictures we had long been familiar, but now we were enjoying the far more beautiful originals. Then there were many other rooms filled with choice productions, all beautiful exceedingly, and which will dwell in our memories for many a day, in confirmation of the truth that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." We did not accomplish even a glance at all of them before we were too weary to enjoy any more for the day, and, taking a "buss" to Hyde Park, varied the pleasure by gazing awhile on its brilliant and busy throng of "the beauty and

**fashion of London," on horse-back and in carriages; and then rambled through St. James', whose calm and quiet loveliness contrasted strikingly with the former scenes. Though in the very heart of this vast city, we might imagine ourselves hundreds of miles away—so perfectly country-like did it seem; and our walk through it was a fitting conclusion to this day of unusual enjoyment.**

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NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 12.

(Continued from page 744.)

VIENNA, 8th mo., 1867.

It seems scarcely possible that a whole week has passed since my last letter was mailed from Dresden, but so it is; and now I find I have scarcely time to give thee anything like a comprehensible account of the adventures of those days, before this, too, must be on its way to meet the next steamer for America. In Dresden, after spending several days among the galleries of paintings, which are truly wonderful for their vastness and riches, and seeing Madonnas by the hundreds and crucifixions and Magdalenas in the same proportions; we finished off by a visit to the "green vault," and to the great porcelain factory at Meissen. The former is an immense collection of articles of vertu, composed of gold and silver and precious stones in every imaginable form and variety, some of which were certainly very curious, but as a whole much more remarkable for their enormous cost than for anything else. After this we spent a day at Meissen, about three-fourths of an hour by rail from the city of Dresden, and where the very extensive factory of porcelain is the principal attraction. We were politely escorted through the establishment, and exceedingly interested in the various details of the manufacture, though somewhat disappointed in the beauty of the famous "Dresden china." The masses of flowers with which most of the articles were (according to our notion) overlaid, were decidedly too much in the high old Dutch style to be in keeping with the improvements of modern times; and as we walked through room after room, filled with men and women, each one engaged upon some one part of a flower which another set put together, and arranged in close and often clumsy groups upon vases or clocks, or tea-pots, as the case might be, we could not but wonder where they found a market for so much time and talent that seemed to us worse than wasted. I am sorry to say, that, according to our guide, a great deal of the most common is sent to America. Still all is not of this description, and the *painting* on some of the more delicate pieces was perfectly exquisite; and as we watched the artists at their work, we could readily realize the immense value that is set upon this kind of china. Next day we took cars for Prague, a distance of about seven hours. The early part of the route lay through what is called Saxon Switzerland and along the banks of the Elbe, and was so lovely and picturesque as well to deserve its name, and indeed almost rivalled Switzerland itself; but upon entering Bohemia everything was suddenly changed. The country became rough and

sterile, the villages dreary and miserable, and instead of the bright little cottages surrounded by flowers, and their dormer windows peeping out of the steep-tiled roof, like half-opened eyes, we saw nothing but the most wretched and comfortless abodes; and had it not been that they were too ugly even for that, we might well have peopled them, in fancy, with the gypsy hordes that are said to have had their origin in this part of Germany. The inhabitants, as far as we saw them, corresponded perfectly with their dwellings, and reminded us of some parts of Switzerland through which we passed last summer. What the blighting influence is, I cannot tell; but its effects were seen during all the remainder of our ride and almost up to the very walls of the fine old city of Prague, which (the capital of this miserable domain) perfectly astonished us by its air of thrift and comfort, and by the beauty and neatness of its whole appearance. We drove from the depot through the old arched gateway, about 7.25, to our hotel, the "Blauer Stern," just the other side of it, and fronting on a broad, open "platz" in the pleasantest part of the city, where we had the distinguished honor of occupying a chamber that was used during the war of last summer by the King of Prussia, and in which the treaty of peace was signed. As we only had one day to devote to this quaint old city, we began early in the morning, by visiting one of the oldest churches. Then after a little "shopping," we took one of the nice, open Droschkas, that are universally used here, and drove across the Moldau on a splendid and curious old bridge, ornamented with various groups of saints, and martyrs in dark stone, and with a tablet near the centre marking the spot, from which, in 13—, St. John of Nepamuck, then a priest, was thrown, by order of the King, for refusing to reveal the confession of the Queen. *It is said* that his body floated for some distance up the stream, with a circle of stars around the head, in consequence of which miracle he was forthwith admitted into the brotherhood of saints. We afterwards saw in the cathedral his tomb, a magnificent sarcophagus of massive silver, with angels supporting it, and other ornaments of the same metal, and, enclosed in a little glass case or locket, a piece of the bone of one of his fingers. The same cathedral contains a large bronze candelabrum, the foot of which is said to have come from the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem; and as it looks about in the same condition as other bronze antiquities we have seen, I should think it *might* be possible. After crossing the bridge I have mentioned, we ascended a high hill, on the top of which is a very old Benedictine convent, where we were conducted by a fine-looking man about 60 years old, clad in a long white robe, through

a handsome and extensive library and museum, occupying several large and lofty galleries, and evidently showing the prosperity of the order. The holy father was very courteous in doing the honors of the establishment, and though we hesitated to offer it, received quite graciously the parting fee. From an old castle in the same neighborhood we had a splendid view of the city and its surroundings, and in our afternoon's drive we passed through the Jews' quarters, where ten thousand Israelites are huddled together in a miserable condition of filth and idleness, and where literally the streets were so narrow, that the carriage could scarcely pass along without brushing against the piles of ragged clothing that blocked up the dingy door-ways. The whole place was swarming with squalor and degradation, and reminded us of some of the worst parts of Edinboro. The synagogue was very ancient, but so dark, and everything in it so defiled with dirt, that we could see but little to interest us; but the cemetery, which looked equally old, was really a curiosity from its utter dissimilarity to any other we had ever seen. The tomb-stones, which were quite rough, excepting on one side, were lying or standing in every sort of confusion, sometimes leaning several together, without the least reference to the bodies that were supposed to be beneath them, and looked more like a great marble yard, or what had been one a thousand years ago, than a civilized place of interment. I think the last body had been placed there 80 years ago. This old city of Prague is exceedingly interesting, and though very ancient, has a number of broad, handsome streets, which quite surprised us. The language is very odd, entirely different from the German, approaching more nearly, I believe, to the Polish. On the signs in the streets, such words as sklady muzskehoodava and drska are very common. Our route between Prague and Vienna was much of it very delightful, and lay, after leaving Bohemia, through the country of Moravia—a perfect contrast to the former; for though still a Catholic country, everything was neat and bright and flourishing, and we thought quite as worthy of being the ancestral home of our Pennsylvania Moravians as the other was of connection with the gypsies. The road passed, in one-half hour, through ten tunnels, and the rocks and hills were some of them very singular. We also saw the old citadel where Baron Trenck ended his days, but I have no time now to particularize. We reached this fine city in good condition; spent yesterday very agreeably in visiting the Belvidere, an immense and beautiful building in the suburbs, containing a large gallery of paintings, ancient and modern. To-day we go to Shoenbrunn, the summer-palace of the Emperor.

(To be continued.)

SELF-GOVERNMENT.—When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch, in the family our tempers, in company our tongues.—*Hannah More.*

**NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.**

**No. 7.**

**SISSACH, SWITZERLAND, 8th mo., 1866.**

We are at last in Switzerland—the promised land—towards which our journeyings have so long been tending; but, as yet, the most pleasant thing we have found here, has been the delightful package of home letters that welcomed our arrival at Basle, two days ago. . . . And now for a backward glance at our doings since my last, dated Hiedleburg, when I suppose I mentioned our visit to the ruined castle there, said to be the finest in Germany; but we



have been dragging you about among so many ruined castles and abbeys, and up so many steep hills to get at them, that I am afraid you must be quite tired; for while *we* have found each one in its turn and in its way interesting and delightful, and always feel fully repaid for the exertion they require, you, on the contrary, have only the recital of our enjoyments. Our visit to Hiedleburg included an afternoon drive to two or three legendary spots in the neighborhood, and a second look at the castle, after which, on the morning of the 6th, we left for Baden Baden, arriving there about 4 o'clock. This is one of the most fashionable watering places on the continent, and is usually crowded, but this season the houses were not full, though there was enough going on to give us a very correct idea of what it might be—plenty of gayety and dissipation left. I hope none of you will be alarmed for our safety, when I tell you that we were for some time in this perhaps the most notorious gambling house in Europe, watching the performances. This "Conversation Haus," as it is called, is the great feature of Baden Baden, and such a curiosity in its way, as, I suppose, is not to be seen elsewhere. It contains several large saloons, sumptuously furnished, in each of which is a large table, and around this table are seated as closely as possible, a number of persons, male and female, intently engaged in playing, and each one holding a small rake or scraper with which to draw in their winnings. The "Bank," as it is called, is in the hands of the company who keep the house, and every one else plays against them. This Bank is placed in the centre of the table, and gentlemen on each side to manage it; and as the other players throw down their gold or silver pieces, they are, after a few moments, either drawn into its voracious maw, or, as is occasionally the case, pushed back to their former possessor with a sufficient addition to tempt him to renew or increase his venture. It was really painful to watch the varying expressions of the eager faces around those terrible tables, as their good or evil fortune predominated; and with all my horror of cards, I somewhat amused the rest of our party by the interest I *showed* in one or two of the *lady* players. I can easily imagine the fearful fascination such a place must possess for a young person, and that one could easily become so familiarized with it as almost to forget its *enormity* and the terrible evils connected with it. I could scarcely believe, as we stood among the gay crowd that surrounded the tables or lounged about the splendid apartments, that it was not all a dream—it did seem so strange to think of our really being here among it all. Next morning, we visited the Pump Room, and each took a glass of goat's milk, which is milked into the tumblers as it is wanted. The pump room is

much handsomer than the one at Bath. The water here is very hot, almost too much so to drink comfortably, but nearly destitute of taste. Its medicinal efficacy is, notwithstanding, considered very great. The country around Baden is perfectly charming, and we took a long and very delightful drive of several hours, including a visit to the ruins of the castle of Ebnstien, where we had a splendid view of the surrounding landscape, and next day walked to the "New Schloss," or new castle, the summer residence of the Grand Duke, where we were shown through a number of apartments, all rich and elegant and furnished in the best possible taste,—we thought more so than any we had seen. In one of the large window recesses, our guide touched a spring, upon which the floor opened in the centre, and, flying up, disclosed a winding staircase, which we descended to the story below, under the present castle, where are the remains of extensive Roman baths, afterwards used as prison cells and session rooms for the secret tribunal; also the torture chamber, where we saw the hooks upon which once hung the racks and other implements. The cells were many feet below ground, and the prisoners were let down through a small aperture at the top—the only entrance in those days. In one place we stood on a trap door, above a pit, 190 feet deep, over which the condemned were made to pass, in order to kiss the image of the virgin beyond. As they stepped upon it, it gave way, and they fell into the horrible gulf upon a machine composed of wheels covered with lancets, by which they were torn to pieces. The doors of these subterranean passages are formed of huge masses of stone 10 inches thick, turning on pivots, and the whole horrible machinery of the place, seen, too, as it was by the light of two or three lanterns, was fearful, and we were not sorry when the exhibition came to an end, and could rejoice that we live in an age when such atrocities are no longer practiced.

. . . On the afternoon of the 8th, we found ourselves at Strasburg. After establishing ourselves in comfortable quarters, we started off to see the cathedral—were at first disappointed; however, upon entering, we found we had been somewhat hasty in our judgment, and were willing to accord all due honor to both the design and the execution. In walking back, we noticed a great number of storks flying about and resting upon the peaks of the high-pointed roofs—as many as eight on one house. They build their nests on the tops of chimneys, and we observed one of them from our windows, standing motionless on his nest, during our stay at Strasburg. Next morning, walked to the Church of St. Thomas, where is a celebrated monument to Marshal Saxe, said to have taken 20 years to execute; also the dead bodies of a certain duke and his daughter, which had been

embalmed, and were found in this church in the 16th Century. The duke's face was quite perfect except in color, being almost black; his daughter, aged 14, almost gone, though her silk dress and other clothing were wonderfully preserved. They were of course under glass, and probably an hour's exposure to the air would have caused them to crumble into dust; but it was to us a curious exhibition. After this we took a short drive, and were set down at the cathedral in time to witness the performance of the wonderful clock. It is indeed an astonishing piece of mechanism.

After seeing all the wonders of this clock, we took the cars to Basle, which place we reached about 6 P. M., and found our hotel, one of the best in the place, situated in a little narrow street, just allowing two vehicles to pass, and the houses so high, that we, in one of the upper stories, felt almost like looking down into a well, as we sat at the windows, to gaze on the passing throng. It seemed, too, to be quite the business part of the city, and a little distance up the street we could see an open market place filled with buyers and sellers. It was altogether the most quaint and foreign looking city we have yet seen, and our hotel in some of its arrangements singular enough. There are no front entrances, but we have to pass through a sort of court, whence the steps ascend to the apartments above. These are generally quite comfortable, though differing in style from ours. For instance, we see gorgeously ornamented ceilings and walls, but *no carpets*. Always small single beds, each furnished with a *down* cover, and frequently scarlet blankets. The beds are invariably good, and the linen and towels excellent and abundant. The wash-stands are as high as a bureau, and as we traversed Germany, the basins and pitchers diminished constantly in size until they became literally no larger than a good-sized cream jug and slop bowl; but we could always get plenty of water, so that these little matters were rather amusing than otherwise. From Basle we came on about an hour's ride to Sissach, a quiet little Swiss town, only remarkable for its picturesque situation. This morning our room was thoroughly swabbed all over and the bed linen entirely renewed, though all was freshly put on last evening. It is altogether the most primitive house in all its arrangements that we have been in and reminds me somewhat of our old Pennsylvania Dutch taverns, with its great broad staircases and halls lined with enormous wooden presses. Our chambers are quite comfortable and our meals as much so as we could reasonably expect—though to day we were taken by surprise. Hearing the public dinner was at 12, we ordered ours at 1; but, on going down, we found the table still filled with rough looking men, drinking and *smoking*. This was

too much, and we requested ours to be served somewhere else, which was done, and we got along very nicely

(To be continued.)

enough to undertake and carry out such tremendous works. There are roads here in Switzerland that would put to the blush any constructions I have ever seen in America; they must have cost a vast amount in labor and in money. After stopping at Hasen for dinner, we enjoyed the refreshing contrast of a drive through a lovely fertile valley, where the last haymaking of the season was busily going forward, and men, women and children were engaged in mowing, raking and gathering the fragrant freight into enormous cloths, which they tie up and carry on their backs into the barns. It seems to me that in domestic labor horses are almost superfluous here, and will be while there are *women* enough to supply their places, if indeed the name of *woman* can be applied to those poor, dirty, hard-featured, bowed-down, worn-out looking animals which represent the female, though certainly not the *fairer* part of creation, in this benighted country. At Hospenthal we found a large and very comfortable hotel, at the entrance to what appeared at a distance a pretty and picturesque village, but in a stroll up the main street, we discovered it to be as filthy as it was picturesque; and it was hard to believe that in its dingy and miserable cabins, looking like exaggerated pig-sties, any human creatures could find a "home;" and yet out of one of these very cabins there came a man of respectable and *intelligent* appearance, who, finding we were consulting about the road or direction we were to take, joined us, and, in *very good* English, gave us several items of important information. Those who have been among our beautiful, bright New England villages, can scarcely imagine how anything, bearing the *same name*, can be so utterly different. The people who live on these magnificent mountainsides build their houses in the roughest possible manner of larch wood, which very soon turns almost black from exposure to the weather; and as the windows are few and small, and the chimney generally represented by a mere opening in the roof, their appearance is dreary and monotonous—dwellings and barns huddled together almost as closely as in a city, or only separated by a mud-puddle or a dung-hill from the *external* picture of these Alpine hamlets—and as far as we could observe through the open doors, their inner life cannot be much more cheerful. Our journey on the morrow was designated on the programme as tending toward the Rhone glacier and across the Furca Pass. We were off in our carriage about eight o'clock. The morning was very fine, and we had a splendid drive among the mountain peaks, with snow all around us, and frequently lying in heaps along the road-side, and reached the glacier by one o'clock, or I should say *the inn*, for we had been winding down the mountains, in full view of this magnificent object for three

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 9.

(Continued from page 648.)

SWITZERLAND, 9th mo.. 1866.

The sun shone brightly on our departure from the beautiful lake Lucerne, in an open carriage, for our drive to Hospenthal. The road was excellent and the route magnificent, passing through a very wild and rugged country, constantly ascending and always in sight of the Reuss, whose turbulent waters rushed past us in an unceasing series of rapids, making a descent of several thousand feet, in the course of a few hours' drive. We crossed this brawling torrent eight different times; the last bridge, called the Devil's Bridge, spans a chasm fearful to contemplate, and we cannot help wondering how any could ever be found with nerves strong

part of an hour; and I assure thee the Grindelwald glacier, over which we had so amusing a scramble, had to hide its diminished head, as we gazed at this, the greatest almost of its kind in all Switzerland. I can never cease to marvel, in looking at them, that those enormous bodies of ice should continue apparently as firm and cold as ever, through all the long warm days of summer; and another wonder that presents itself is the fact, that the Rhone owes its origin entirely to the melting of this very glacier *under the surface*, whence we saw it issuing in a large and rapid stream. After dining at the Glacier Inn, we took a drive of two hours through a desolate country to Münster, arriving there in time for a view of the surrounding snow peaks by the light of the setting sun. Our next day's drive was along the valley of the Rhone, part of it wild and desolate in the extreme, and part of it grand and beautiful, but not so fertile and cultivated as I had imagined it. We noticed in coming further south a peculiar kind of vegetation, covering the rocks and mountain sides, and clothing them with a rich, warm crimson and orange coloring that was exquisitely lovely, "bathing all things in beauty." By five o'clock we were at Visp, a dreary-looking village which was desolated by an earthquake in 1855, and has not yet recovered from its effects. . . .

CHAMOUNI, 10th mo., 1866.

One of our excursions since being here was to the Col de Balme—a high ridge or Scheideck between two chains of mountains. We first drove for an hour to the village of Argentine; then took mules, and were on the summit by two o'clock. We had a beautiful view of the valley of the Rhone and of Chamouni, but Mont Blanc and the other snow-peaks were almost entirely concealed by light fleecy clouds, which, toward evening, grew darker and heavier. . . . I must now tell thee of the greatest and most successful trip of the season. R. has been up to the Grand Mulets, *half way to the summit of Mont Blanc*. It was arranged that R., J. and I should set out at seven o'clock yesterday morning, on mules, for the Pierre Pointue, whence they, with two guides and a porteur carrying warm covering and provisions, should proceed on foot, while I returned with the mules and the other man. Every thing was carried out "to the letter." The morning was bright and lovely, and we arrived at Pierre Pointue before ten o'clock, and after taking a cup of warm coffee, I saw them depart, not, I must acknowledge, without sending with them many an anxious thought. I then turned to walk back after the three mules and their driver, and reached the hotel in time to have a good view of my two friends and their guides through the telescope just before they had attained the Grand Mulets, at one o'clock. The travellers

were so fresh that, after resting an hour and a half and eating their lunch, they commenced the descent, and were again at the hotel by seven o'clock. R. said some parts of the route looked at first impracticable, and crevasses of unknown depth and a fearful width had to be crossed, but their guides were thoroughly dependable, and they were all four tied together with a good strong rope, so that they had not even a tremulous feeling. At the Grand Mulets they saw a record made a few days before by one of our friends, who had been to the summit of Mont Blanc. The record ended thus, "Taking into consideration the liability to serious annoyance and danger attending this trip, and the small chance for a view, the ascent of Mont Blanc is registered as one of the most foolishly spent days of my life." . . .

During one of our walks we saw some women breaking flax and hemp. It was a new sight to me. The women at every little homestead are busy preparing the winter spinning. They are always at work, and generally knitting as they walk. Their only rest or recreation appears to be attending mass. They are very courteous, and always give us a pleasant "bon jour," as we pass them. I have often counted nine or ten families in sight at once all down on their knees on the earth getting out their potatoes. The parties generally consist of women and children, rarely any able-bodied men among them, but often the old grandfather and grandmother, bent, and withered, and decrepit, owing to the severe and constant toil they have probably been enduring since they were large enough to carry a basket strapped to their backs. We have seen children, certainly not more than six years old, carrying heavy loads in that way. The winters here must be intensely dreary and bleak. This morning, it was just ten o'clock when the sunshine first reached the valley—the mountains are so enormously high on both sides. The storms and avalanches are very destructive, and we might suppose there were few inducements for persons to live here. I should think they would joyfully hail the approach of spring. One of the women told me they always kept their spinning for winter work, because the snow was too deep for them to go out. What wretched times they must have in their dismal cabins, where, so far as I can see, there is not the first appearance of decent comforts. In the sunny clime of Italy, the poor people can live in the open air all winter, and they are apparently so ignorant of what we would consider necessary home-arrangements, that the want does not affect them. Here, however, the people are not poverty-stricken, most of them being small proprietors, and it is really wonderful that they can content themselves year after year in such ways of living. In one of our walks along the high road

we met a gentleman on a mule, and by his side was walking a peasant woman with a long stick, with which to goad the mule on to activity. They passed on—so did we; and on our return we again saw the woman *astride* of the mule and on a full trot. She recognized us, remarked on our long stay in the place, and then wished us “bon jour,” and trotted off as independently as an Arab on his camel.

(To be continued.)

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**NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.**

**No. 11.**

**BERLIN, 7th mo., 1867.**

We are obliged to make use of the greatest economy of time, lest we should not have enough of it for Switzerland and its glorious mountains. The fact is, the more we see, the more inexhaustable does this great Eastern world seem to be in wonder and interest, and I almost feel afraid sometimes, that we shall become so satiated by the time we shall have finished our travels, that our own plain, unfinished country will possess fewer attractions than we should like to acknowledge. We shall certainly try to avert so mortifying a catastrophe, and I trust our patriotism will be sufficient to ensure success. My last was mailed at Hanover where we visited a fine gallery of paintings, and walked in huge cloth slippers over the polished floors of the royal palace, which abounds in sumptuous furniture and magnificent pictures, and quite astonished us by its grandeur and elegance. The sovereign of this little kingdom of Hanover was certainly lodged in princely style. After dinner we drove out to the Herranhausen, his ex-Majesty's summer chateau, the road to which is through a splendid avenue, 2000 feet in length, of four rows of lindens, all in full blossom and loading the air with delicious fragrance. Here were gardens, and green houses, and pineries, all in the most exquisite order; but it was sad to think the poor banished King would probably never enjoy them again. In returning, we visited the Waterloo Column, erected to the memory of the Hanoverians who fell on that field, and after a drive through some of the pleasantest streets of this interesting old city, were ready at 5.20 for the cars that were to carry us to Brunswick, distant about two hours. Our ride was a most charming one, for though the country was, greatly to our surprise, perfectly flat, it was everywhere rich with ripening grain fields, and beautiful with luxuriant verdure, and an endless variety of wild flowers, beside immense

patches of brilliant poppies, that are cultivated in large quantities for their oil. On entering the dominions of the Duke of Brunswick, whom the King of Prussia has not yet swallowed up, a stern-looking official popped his head into the car window and demanded our passports. On entering Berlin, we drove to the "Deutches hof," a quaint old building with a low stone arcade along the front, looking, like every thing around it, ancient and venerable, and after securing our rooms, went out for a short preliminary walk, coming back quite satisfied that the old town of Brunswick was the quaintest and strangest looking of any of these old places we had yet fallen upon. In one of the open spaces is the bronze figure of a lion, erected 800 years ago, the real age of which is supposed to date still farther back. Next morning we visited the Cathedral, built in 1173 by Henri le Lion, after his return from Palestine. It was once covered internally with gilding and frescoes, but nearly the whole of it is now concealed by whitewash, the choir alone having escaped the desecration of the Reformers. In the crypt beneath are 20 or 30 coffins, containing the bodies of the Princes of the house of Guelf; among them that of Queen Caroline of England, covered with velvet and gold, and festooned with wreaths, which had once, how many years ago I know not, been green. On many of the coffins lay an engraved picture of the occupant, with the date of his or her birth and death. It seemed to bring us strangely near to the great ones of former ages, to be so surrounded by what was left of their mortality. At 4.30 we took cars for Hartzburg, a small town at the foot of the Hartz mountains, where civilization and railroad traveling come to an end. We got into a hotel, in which the "Zimmermadchen" was so intensely Dutch that we had some difficulty in making her comprehend our wants. Last summer we were amused, as we got farther into Deutschland, at the diminished size of our pitchers, but here it is the fashion to have *none at all*. The basins were left half filled with water, and a goblet besides; and this was evidently all that was considered necessary, and all that we could procure. The style of bed-covering, too, is in these regions different from ours. As far as the under sheet, all was as it should be; but instead of an upper one, we found a linen case, like a huge pillow case, enclosing something like a very thick comfortable, which was to answer for sheet, spread and everything else. I took the liberty, as it was a warm night, of untying mine and emptying it of its contents; the next night, when it was too cool for that, we had some difficulty in keeping covered at all, in our little narrow beds, where the linen was so stiff that it was constantly sliding off. Next day we went on to Hallenstadt. We had thought Brunswick strange and quaint enough,

but this town "out-herods Herod;" and as we passed under the low, arched gateway in its ancient walls, and entered the narrow, crooked streets, where almost every house was covered with grotesque carving and each story projected a foot or two beyond the one below it, it would be difficult to imagine anything more entirely foreign looking and picturesque. In walking afterwards through the place, our first impressions were fully justified, and we found that it was quite distinguished, as having preserved the type of the middle ages to a remarkable degree. Here we again took the railroad to Magdeberg, where we visited the cathedral, from the top of which we had a fine view of the wonderful fortifications, for which the city is celebrated. We afterwards walked through one of the gates, where the wall (or rather bank) is 100 feet thick, with a deep moat on the outside. All the fortifications appear to be kept up with the greatest care; indeed, wherever we go, here in Prussia, the military spirit seems to have the ascendancy, and things look very much as if Frederick William were thinking of future conquests. Our next stage brought us to Berlin, where we arrived under a 'brilliant sunset sky, and entered the great Brandenburg gate, and drove through the splendid street, "Unter der Lindens," to the Hotel de Rome. Our first visit was to the palace, which is more sumptuous than all I could ever have imagined. Every chamber of the immense suite more splendid than the last. Some of the furniture is of massive silver, and we saw several pieces of immense size—*now* only plated—the originals of which had been melted up by Frederick the Great to defray the expenses of his armies.

(To be continued.)